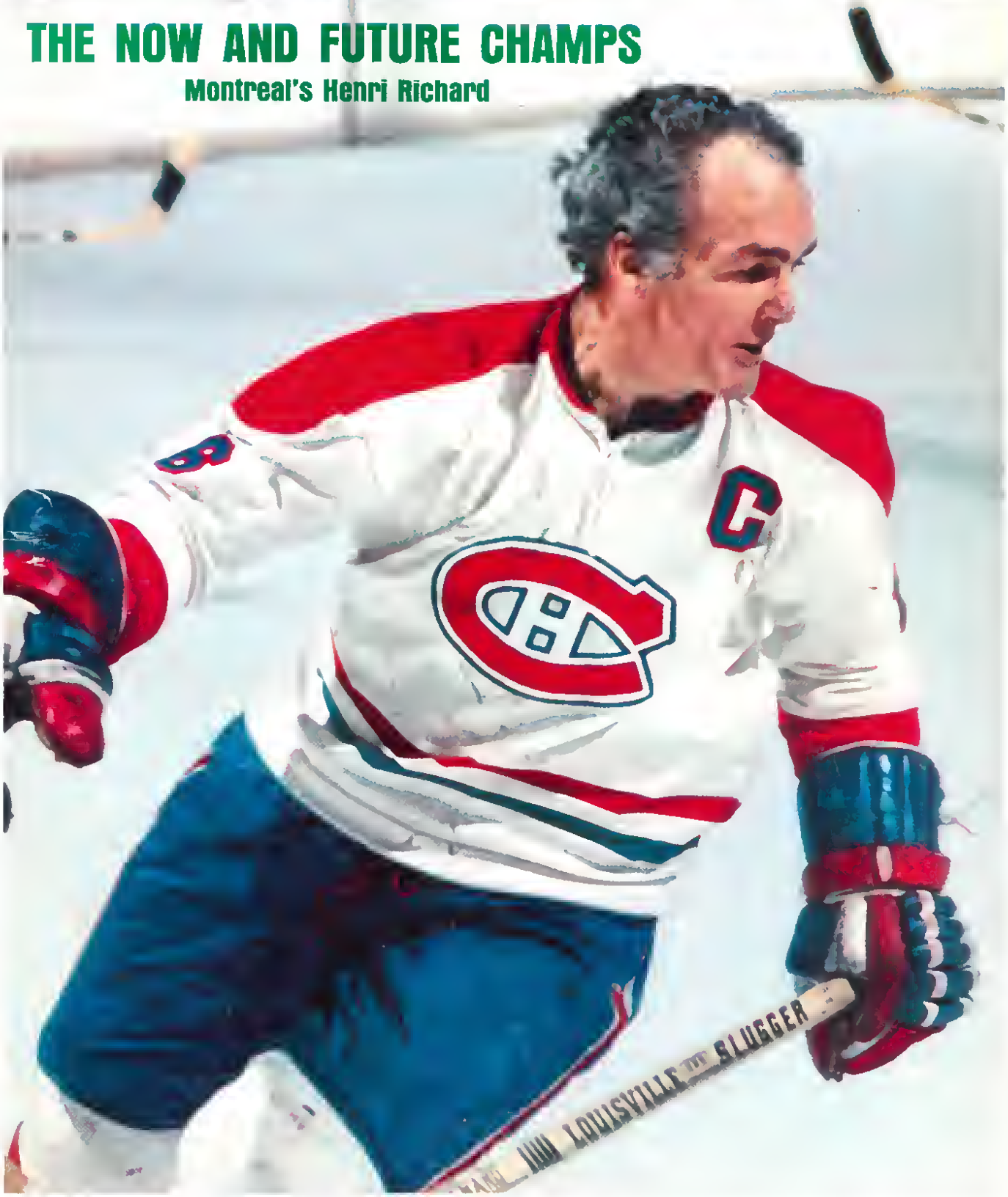
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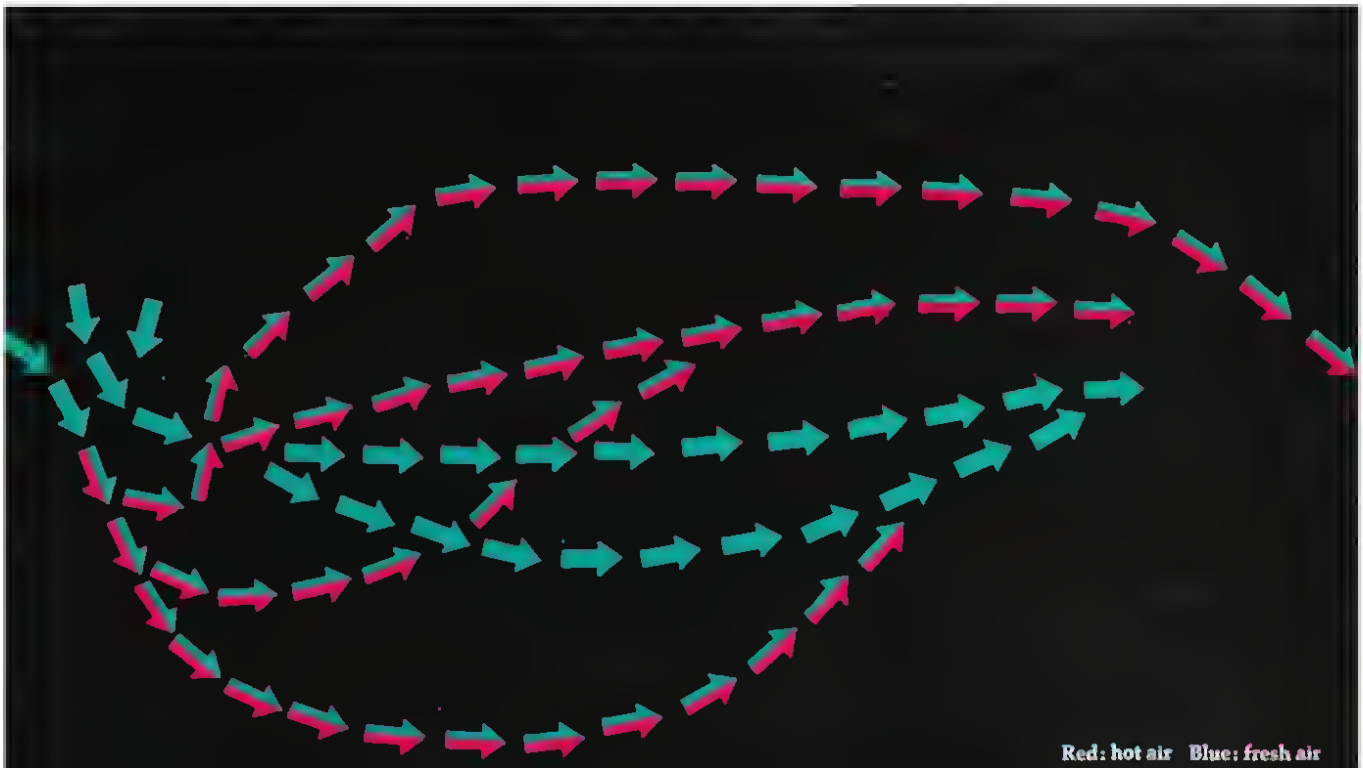
Sports Illustrated

APRIL 2, 1973 60 CENTS

THE NOW AND FUTURE CHAMPS

Montreal's Henri Richard





You're looking at one of the things the $3,995 Audi has in common with the $10,350 Mercedes.

It's a diagram of a remarkably efficient heating and ventilation system. One that not only helps keep you nice and warm but also helps keep you nice and awake.

This bit of wizardry is performed by 35 strategically placed vents that completely change the air every 30 seconds at 45 mph. So while you're getting warm air at your feet, you can also get fresh air in your face. They also have the knack of keeping the temperature variation in the Audi within 3 degrees, front to back. So you and your family are kept quite comfortable.

And speaking of comfort, it might interest you to know that both the Audi and the Mercedes have seats that were designed by those experts of the human body: the orthopedic surgeons.

The uncanny resemblance between both cars continues: both have plush carpeting, a wooden dashboard and a rear window that defrosts electrically.

Mind you, the $10,350† Mercedes-Benz isn't the only great car the Audi has something in common with.

The Audi has the same type of steering system as the racing Ferrari. And the same trunk space as the Lincoln Continental Mark IV.

It's got the same ignition system as the Porsche 911. And just about the same headroom and legroom as the Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow.

It's got independent front suspension like the Aston Martin, front-wheel drive like the Cadillac Eldorado and it gets the same expert service as a Volkswagen.

When you buy a car you get what you pay for

When you buy an Audi you get a lot more.



The $3,995* Audi*
It's a lot of cars for the money.

*Suggested retail price East Coast P O E (West Coast P O E slightly higher) †Suggested retail price East Coast P O E Mercedes-Benz 280SE $10,355 Local taxes and dealer delivery charges, if any, additional



Safeco saved Lee Lewis $92 on his car insurance.

Safeco has long been known for fast, fair claim settling. But not enough drivers are aware of just how low Safeco's prices are.

The answer is *very*.

Lee Lewis (Policy #B37-80-37) saved $92 the first year. Maybe we can do the same for you. To find out, call your local independent Safeco agent and ask him to prove how low Safeco's prices are. The odds are pretty good you'll find our cost is lower than what you're currently paying. Your Safeco agent is in the Yellow Pages. Safeco. Insurance on your car, home, health, boat, business, life, and everything else you value.

Smile, you're with Safeco

It took 7 years of work to improve the old Titleist.



Someday, one of our researchers may find a way to make a golf ball go farther or fly straighter than the new Titleist. But our computer is not optimistic.

Before we can push ahead any further, somebody has to do one of two things: Either they have to change the legal regulations. Or they have to change the laws of physics.

The longest ball ever made. The most accurate ball ever made.

Wind tunnel tests predicted the new Titleist would be the longest ball ever made.

The True Temper driving machine confirmed it. Using the new Titleist, the True Temper driving machine played the best golf of its life.

Then we tried out the new Titleist on golfers. The golfers had low handicaps, medium handicaps, high handicaps. Some of the golfers were pros. The result: every type of golfer got off longer shots and more consistent shots, through all the clubs and under all conditions.

Finally, came the biggest test of all: the 1973 pro tour. You see the results in the chart. In the first month of the tour, the new Titleist became the most-played new ball in the history of golf. (And remember, no one is paid to play the Titleist golf ball.)

7 years. 187 new golf balls.

Now that you know how our story ended, we'd like to tell you how it began.

Seven years ago we decided there was a better-than-even chance that we could design a longer ball, using sophisticated aerodynamic research.

But in spite of our new techniques, most of our attempts were inferior to the old Titleist. Design No. 154 was a beauty, though. And for 6 solid weeks, Design No. 178 was the longest golf ball ever made.

Finally, we came to Design No. 187. We could go no further.

What we didn't change.

The old Titleist didn't get to be the Number 1 ball by accident.

Our tests showed the cover stock, the high performance thread, and the liquid center could not be improved on. If you've ever felt the click of a Titleist, you know exactly what we mean.

So we left these things alone, and went to work on the dimples.

Official combined count, first month of 1973 pro tour.

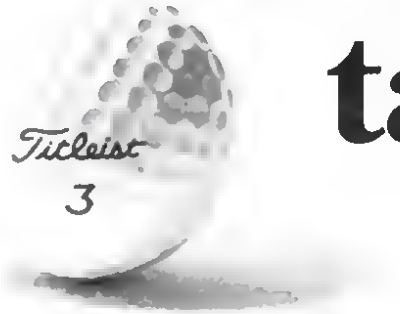
New Titleist	Second Ball	Third Ball
456	87	74

A flight pattern that gives you extra distance.

If you let a golf ball fly like this ⌒, the ball goes wherever the wind takes it. You lose distance and accuracy.

On the other hand, if you let a golf ball fly like this ⌒, it's hard to control. Again, you lose distance and accuracy.

To improve the new Titleist, it may take forever.



The most efficient trajectory lies somewhere in between. But *exactly* where—that's always been a matter of educated guesswork.

Then we made some pretty elaborate wind tunnel tests. And we found out—for the first time—exactly how a ball must fly to achieve maximum distance and accuracy.

The perfect trajectory looks like this: ⌒.

And that's what the new Titleist looks like on its way past the other balls.

A dimple pattern that gives you extra accuracy.

The conventional golf ball has 336 dimples laid out in straight lines.

The computer suggested we reduce the number of dimples to 324, then arrange them in 20 equilateral triangles.

The computer was right. The triangles give the new Titleist the most stable flight a golf ball has ever achieved.

Or to put it another way: The new Titleist goes where you hit it, no matter how you tee it up.

What the new Titleist will do for your game.

Whatever shape your game is in now, it will be in noticeably better shape when you play the new Titleist.

You'll get more raw distance.

You'll get more consistent performance.

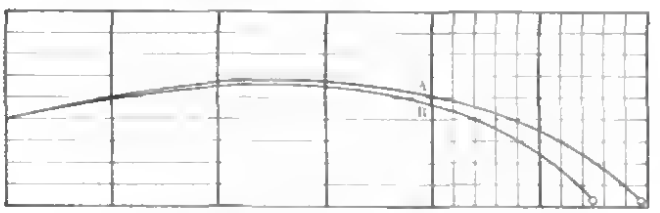
You'll get more accuracy.

The new Titleist will give you a better *total* game of golf . . . whether you're driving with the wind or against it . . . whether you're squinting at the stick a long 3-iron away . . . whether you're chipping or putting.

We believe the new Titleist will give you the best game of golf that a golf ball can give you.



Acushnet's True Temper driving machine duplicates a natural golf swing. The new Titleist improved the machine's game considerably, through all the clubs.



The new Titleist A has essentially the same trajectory as the old Titleist B, but since the new ball bores through the air farther, it peaks higher.

ACUSHNET GOLF EQUIPMENT

Sold thru golf course pro shops only

Titleist: the new money ball.

When the time comes, you're not losing a stereo,



you're gaining a quadraphonic.



By now, you've probably heard a lot about quadraphonic sound. But while you may have 4-channel aspirations, you've still got a 2-channel purse.

No problem. Economize now with the economical Sony HP-179. Because later it can become the heart of a true quadraphonic sound system.

In fact, it's quite a way to idle away the time. It's got an FM/AM tuner that picks up the weakest FM signals, and tunes in every signal with pinpoint sharpness.

And a solid-state amplifier that affords total sound control, including an automatic loudness feature.

A built-in cassette player/recorder. (You can also buy this stereo without it for even less.)

And a built-in auto/manual 3-speed turntable with an arm control that lets you play exactly the part of a record you want to hear.

And, when you're ready for it, a switch that lets you convert to quadraphonic with the addition of an even more economical Sony SQ decoder/amplifier and 2 additional speakers. So you can receive dazzling 4-channel sound with all the depth, realism and brilliance you've heard about.

Isn't it nice that you can play now, and buy later?

SONY. Ask anyone.

BOOKTALK

Read 'Animals Nobody Loves'—you may end up with a tarantula named Rover

What do a spider, an octopus and quadruplets have in common? They have eight legs and nobody really wants them."

That is the kind of thing you hear about certain creatures all the time. In *Animals Nobody Loves* (Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, Vt., $6.95; Bantam, 75¢), a Vermont naturalist named Ronald Rood records a number of such libels.

"Then the creeping murderer, the octopus, steals out ... while its evil goat eyes watch coldly." John Steinbeck, *Cannery Row*, 1945.

"Spiders convert to poyson whatsoever they touche." George Pettie, 1576.

"The wolf is naturally dull and cowardly. The color of the eyeballs is of a fiery green." *Wonders of the World*, 1894.

Then Rood undertakes to rehabilitate the octopus, the spider, the wolf, the rat, the bat, the flea, the mosquito, the snake, the vulture, the coyote, the pig and the eel. In this he is not 100% successful. The best thing he can find to say about mosquitoes, for instance, is that [illegible] other mosquitoes. And a rat [illegible] more lovable because Rood once saw [illegible] back a Doberman pinscher up a large mound of debris, or because when a friend of his jabbed at one with a rake the rat promptly climbed up the handle and chased her out into the driveway."

Nor is it likely to ease anyone's phobias to learn that Biologist Karl von Frisch decided that "if human beings were tuned in properly we could hear from the thick fur of a large dog a choral concert like that of crickets and grasshoppers in a grass field." Or that there exists a large form of bat which looks like "a chihuahua with the wings of a goose."

Rood does squelch a number of popular canards about these widely frowned-upon beasts and fleshes out the popular image of each varmint or creepy-crawly with such absorbing vignettes and remarkable observations that the reader is not likely ever again to feel like destroying any of them except the mosquito. As far as I am concerned a mosquito will have to yell, like the bugs in *Pogo*, "Careful! If you skooshes a bug we gets rain!" before I will show it any consideration.

I do feel a little warmer toward black widow spiders now. Rood does not attempt to [illegible] female black widows often eat their mates, but he does make us recognize the *maxie* of *male* black widows. The male lands on the edge of a female's web knowing full well that she may not be in the mood for love, in which case you know what she will be in the mood for. Sometimes he brings an insect to push in front of him, maybe she will eat that. Rood doesn't tell us whether there has ever been a case of a female black widow saying, "Speak for yourself, lightning bug," to this go-between. But usually the male arrives alone, takes his heart in his mouth and plucks a strand of the web, like the string of a mandolin. If the female does not respond, that is a good sign.

"He plucks the net once more," explains Rood. "This time there's an answering jiggle from the other corner. Wonderful. He places a tentative foot on the web, then another. More twitches and countertwitches, and he reaches the side of his beloved.

"Now begins an unusual process."

And here we shall draw the veil. Discover what happens in *Animals Nobody Loves*. It is full of good inside stuff about creatures about whom you will never again be able to say simply, "Yecch."

ROY BLOUNT JR.



If the $30 rod you buy doesn't have these 7 features, you're not getting $30 worth of rod.

When you're ready to invest in a good rod there are hundreds to choose from. So if you want to get what you pay for, learn what to look for.

(1) Imported Portuguese Specie grade cork handle won't slip when wet, can't cause blisters. (2) Quartz cured tubular glass rod blank heated from the inside out has no "soft spots" that can cause a rod to snap or break. (3) Tapered Fiberglass or Sizematic ferrules and slides for easy assembly. (4) Double-coat Permagloss finish on thread or stainless wire-wraps can't fray, rot, or corrode. (5) Carbide guides and tip-tops. Carbide is the hardest metal known to man or fish. (6) Nylon locking ring keeps the reel tight no matter what's on the line. (7) Glue and grit joining. A more expensive way to do it, but it holds better.

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A Las Vegas Convention Authority Advertisement.

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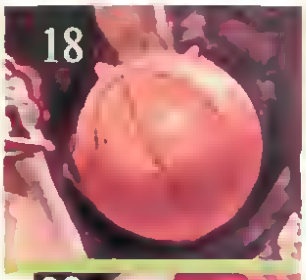
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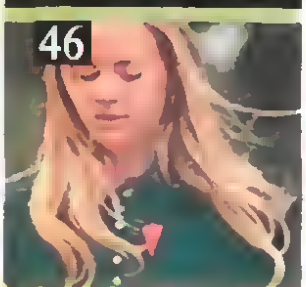














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Next week

BASEBALL 1973 should be a banner year, with designated hitters, mustaches, more Monday night TV, Henry chasing the Babe and the prospect of exciting pennant races in both leagues. But while William Leggett discusses this revival of interest, Dick Young argues that the men who run the sport seem to know less about their product than do the fans. Following an action-filled photo essay and an assessment of the 24 teams, Ron Fimrite observes Steve Carlton, baseball's best pitcher, and Frank Deford presents an old catcher—Joe Garagiola—calling signals in a new game. Plus the usual news, features and departments.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Kenny Moore's account of the Olympic marathon, in which he finished fourth, begins on page 92 of this issue. His manuscript ended "Munich-bush babies jumped up and down on their roof. "At no time of day was it cool enough to run more than 20 miles," Moore reports, "and we had to be careful to be in by nightfall. There was a leopard in the forest behind the beach."



MOORES AFTER MUNICH MARATHON

Provisioning, however, entailed unaccustomed delights. A five-pound lobster cost all of $1.14, and when Bobbie complained of a vendor's unripe paw-paws, the man whipped out a certificate and told her, "This means only *I* can tell when paw-paw is ready!"

In late November the Moores flew to Japan, where Kenny met Olympic champion Frank Shorter in the Fukuoka marathon. Shorter won in an American-record 2:10:30; Moore gave out after 20 miles, finishing 13th in 2:22. He and Bobbie then headed for Hong Kong, Manila and Australia, where he wrote an article on Ron Clarke (SI, Feb. 26).

The next stop was New Zealand. "Auckland must be distance running's most famous neighborhood," says Moore. "Peter Snell, Murray Halberg, Bill Baillie, Barry Magee, Gordon Pirie and Coach Arthur Lydiard have produced six Olympic medals and five books among them, books which were the stuff of dreams for this 17-year-old track nut. So our sojourn there was a passage through my youth. Halberg keeps a shop in Auckland; we bought a sheepskin there, and I asked if he ran much these days. 'Not a step,' he said. 'No one has shown me a study which proves runners live longer. I feel much better when I don't exercise at all.' " This heresy failed to slow Moore up. A foot injury suffered in Hawaii, his next port of call, did (though curiously it does not bother him when he does speed work).

This week the Moores return to Oregon, ending their global marathon. Once home Kenny will keep running fast—as well as writing his discerning and brilliantly paced stories for us.

Jack Meyer

Amalfi-Rome-Nairobi," reminiscent of James Joyce's *Ulysses*, with its subscription "Trieste-Zurich-Paris"—and rather like Ulysses himself, who took the long way home from Troy, Moore left Munich in September and last week was still 2,500 miles from his native Oregon. Unlike Ulysses, he has his wife with him. Miss Hawaii '65, Phi Beta Kappa, Stanford '70 and five hours plus through a snowstorm in the only marathon she has run, Bobbie Moore is a more versatile traveling companion than Penelope would have been.

The Moores went first to Italy, where they were driven out of Amalfi by a cathedral bell which, tolling every 15 minutes, 24 hours a day, "sounded like a rusty bumper being hammered back into shape." In Africa, where Kenny wrote his piece on fellow Olympian John Akii-Bua (SI, Nov. 20), they rented a bungalow on the beach south of Mombasa. Their morning jog was among troops of baboons, and at night

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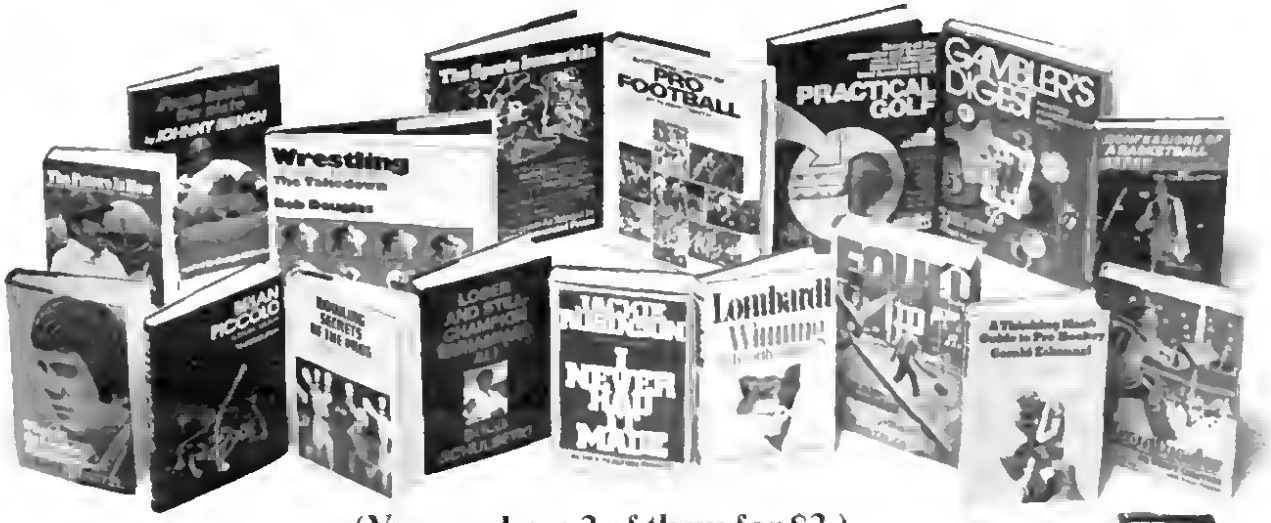


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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

TANGLED WEB

South Africa, whose *apartheid* policy has made it anathema in most areas of world sport, opened its own Olympic-style games last week and in a gesture of amity announced that the games would be interracial as well as international. But while many of the strict *apartheid* laws were relaxed or suspended for the occasion, the government made it clear that the South African races (black, white, colored, Asian) would not be competing together as a national team but separately as distinct groups.

This put racial liberals in other countries in a quandary. Would taking part in the South African games help the cause of unrestricted competition (an opening of the door to racial equality) or hurt it (by giving intransigent South Africa an aura of respectability)? Hundreds of foreign competitors were on hand as the games began, but many others had been deterred by adamant anti-South African pressure at home.

It was an agonizing paradox. Right-wing elements in South Africa (where right wing means *way* over there) came out against the games, saying they would lead South Africa down the road to integration and chaos, but the government said not so, that they were merely an extension of the country's long-standing policy of separate racial development.

Cry, the beloved country.

YANKEE THRIFT

Harvard, the richest university in the world, is playing poormouth with the post of basketball coach. Well, not really, but it is watching the pennies. Harvard fired Bob Harrison, who still had a year to go on his contract, because it was dissatisfied with his performance. But instead of immediately hiring a replacement, the school indicated it would take on a part-time coach for a year while it searched high and low until it found the right man for the job. However, those close to Cambridge say it is not quality that is causing the delay so much as it is quantity—of money. Budget-conscious Harvard still has to pay Harrison, and the athletic department has to settle for the part-time economy-size until Harrison's contract expires and there again is enough money on hand to hire a full-time coach.

SPIKES AND DOLLARS

Professional track in the U.S. is having growing pains (*page 24*), but its future may be bright. Some cause for optimism comes in an article in *Runner's World* by Australian distance runner Bill Emerton. Emerton, who was good enough to compete in the British Empire Games a couple of decades ago, says professional track is a thriving sport in Australia although it is strictly a runner's pastime, since there are no field events. The season extends from November to April, with the best organized meet at Easter in a country town called Stawell, 185 miles north of Melbourne. Emerton says as many as 5,000 pro runners converge on Stawell for a two-day meet, with events at distances from 75 yards to two miles. Crowds of 40,000 and more jam the stadium, and betting is very heavy. The featured event is a 130-yard sprint, with a prize of about $3,000 going to the winner, plus what he makes from his own bets.

Sounds like a carnival sport. Emerton admits he has no idea if pro track will become popular in the U.S. but argues, "If betting were to become legal, it would certainly enhance the sport's drawing power."

SOMETHING RIGHT

Poor television. It can't win even when it does things right. NBC-TV took over the National Hockey League's Sunday afternoon telecasts this season and has done a generally superior job. Ratings are down slightly, but the falloff is traceable to two things: the mild winter, which had many TV viewers out driving their families around instead of sitting snugly in front of the box; and the rigid schedule of games the NHL imposed on the network (Buffalo has not been on at all; Detroit has been on five times).

The telecasts themselves are of a high order. NBC uses four cameras, sometimes five, with slow-motion shots that often catch a significant away-from-the-puck incident for replay. The exquisite complexity of perfectly fashioned goals is sometimes reshown from two, three, even four, angles. The play-by-play is professional, the commentary superior. Color man Ted Lindsay is blunt and direct. A former NHL star, he is a knowledgeable critic of hockey, and his habit of speaking his mind adds a salty complement to Brian MacFarlane's lively between-period interviews. Lindsay told Derek Sanderson that by jumping back and forth between leagues he had done a disservice to hockey and criticized the Boston Bruins for their handling of the situation. When Dennis Hull was on, MacFarlane freely talked about Hull's brother, the great Bobby, who defected to the rival World Hockey Association.

But NHL owners are upset by such interviews. They seem terrified of implied criticism of the NHL and object to any mention of the WHA. This is shortsighted. Skilled, honest reporting educates the fan as it entertains him. sport thrives on discussion, controversy, outspoken disagreement. You don't make fans by force-feeding them with self-serving promotional pap.

SMALL MEN, BIG MONEY

All the talk about highly paid athletes (in the $100,000-and-up class are 50 pro basketball players, 45 hockey players, 30 baseball players, 16 golfers, 10 football players, and so on) has not included much discussion of the little men who ride horses. Race riders get 10% of the purses they win. Last year 26 jockeys won more than $1 million in purses. *Ergo*, more than two dozen jockeys had incomes of $100,000 and up. Top man was Laffit Pincay Jr. with $322,000. Angel Cordero was at $306,000, Ron Turcotte at $278,000, Bill Shoemaker at $251,000.

INGENIDUS

Some innovations in stadiums and athletic fields:

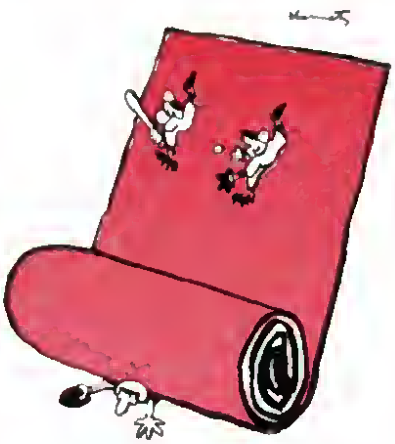
Ambassador College in the heart of Pasadena is solving a nasty space problem by constructing a track-and-field area on top of a 300-car subterranean

continued

parking garage. The track, one-sixth of a mile around, and its infield will utilize artificial tu f. At the other side of the Los Angeles metropolitan area, part of UCLA's practice football field crosses over a multilane highway.

In Moscow, Idaho, the University of Idaho's new roofed stadium, not yet complete l, has a four-inch-thick asphalt surface on which courts are marked out for basketball, tennis, badminton and volleyball. There is also a 300-yard, six-lane running track with a 120-yard straightaway, as well as areas for pole vaulting, long jumping, wrestling and boxing.

The remarkable thing about the New Idaho Stadium is a huge eight-foot roller that extends almost the complete width of the arena. Wrapped around the roller—which normally is parked against a



wall at one end of the field—is a Tartan Turf surface that can be rolled out onto the asphalt base when the stadium is to be used for football, soccer, baseball or other pastimes normally played on grass. When it is completed, the stadium is expected to be in use 16 hours a day, seven days a week

FOOTSTEPS

Mention was made a few weeks ago of precocious chess players (SCORECARD, Feb. 12). Last Sunday one of those mentioned, 5-year-old Robert LeDonne, appeared on a kids' show called *Wonderama*. On *Wonderama*, host Robert McAllister often meets prominent people in various fields of endeavor. In his time McAllister has caught passes thrown by Norm Snead, shot baskets with Bill Bradley, played hockey with Brad Park. Shelby Lyman, who achieved fame as a TV chess commentator during the Fischer-Spassky matches, suggested to Producer Dennis Marks that McAllister meet young LeDonne in chess.

The match was arranged, and it turned out to be rather impressive. The two played a super-lightning game with a five-minute time limit, which means they had 2½ minutes each to make a maximum of 40 moves. The pieces flew back and forth, with the chess brilliance of the 5-year-old becoming quickly apparent as he forced his older rival into defeat. We keep telling you, Fischer. Look behind you.

SICK LIST

Have you ever had *profundus digitorum* tendon avulsion? If you played defense in football, you may have had it without knowing it. *Profundus* etc. is a fairly common injury that happens to the ring finger, although it is often unrecognized and therefore improperly treated, according to Dr. Dennis R. Wenger in *Archives of Surgery*, an American Medical Association publication.

The trouble is caused by the fact that the ring finger is the stepchild of the hand, as you can quickly discover for yourself. Make a fist. Now extend each finger separately and curl it back again. Notice what happens when you send the ring finger out on its own. When, for example, a defensive player grabs a ball-carrier, only to have him twist and break away again, the ring finger finds itself out there alone where it never expected to be. A tendon tears. There is acute pain and the finger swells and stiffens. Too often a player endures the pain and the finger goes untreated. But if the condition is not corrected by surgery, a permanently damaged finger can result.

Injuries like this, that are peculiar to or concentrated in sport, are the declared target of the newly organized Institute of Sports Medicine and Athletic Trauma at Lenox Hill Hospital in New York. Founded by Dr. James A. Nicholas, team physician of the New York Jets and a very good friend of Joe Namath's knees, the institute expects to do research in and provide data on all areas of sports medicine. Sports injuries often have jocular names like tennis elbow or charley horse, but they are of serious concern to those who suffer them. That such injuries are distressingly common is indicated by the institute's publication of a long list of them, including such things as yoga-foot drop, glass arm, bowler's thumb, jogger's heel, golfer's hand, football knee, baseball finger, cauliflower ear, pulled hamstring, fatigue fracture and stitch.

Hang on, sufferers. Help is on its way.

CAR SHOT

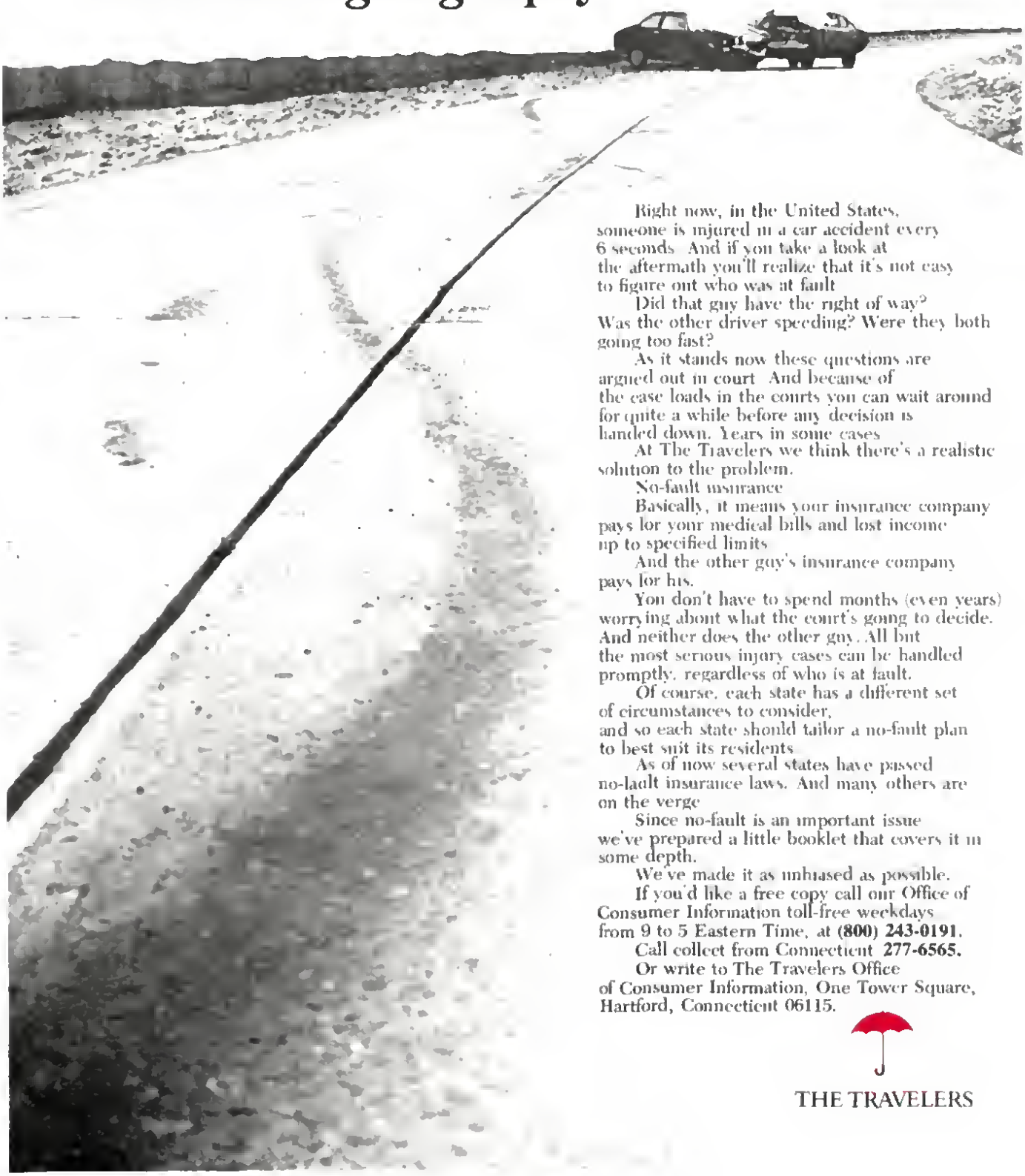
The Buffalo Braves of the NBA have been running a halftime contest in which a fan selected from the audience by lot has one chance to sink a shot from midcourt. A local Dodge dealer put up a new car as a prize for anyone who made it. Seventy-nine times over the past two seasons hopefuls came down from the stands to try, and 79 times they returned to their seats Dodgeless. Then Clay Schroeder, a 14-year-old freshman at Starpoint Central School in suburban Lockport, got the chance at halftime of a game between the Braves and the Los Angeles Lakers. Schroeder, who plays only intramural basketball, lofted a left-handed push shot through the basket, and the crowd, third largest of the season, went bonkers, shouting and cheering for more than a minute as their sudden hero wandered around the court in a cheerful daze. He wound up near the Lakers' bench, accepting congratulations from Jerry West, Wilt Chamberlain and other admirers. Of the car, young Schroeder said, "This will be a switch. I'll be the only teen-ager whose father has to ask *him* for the car."

THEY SAID IT

- Jack Dolph, former commissioner of the American Basketball Association: "I love basketball, but I am concerned that the game is too long, the season is too long, and the players are too long."
- Jim Winfield, after being knocked out in 55 seconds of the first round by Bobo Renfrow, on why he took the count kneeling on one knee: "I don't like the sight of blood. That's why I didn't get up."
- Billy Martin, manager of the Detroit Tigers, on his opposition to the designated hitter rule: "It could be one of the biggest mistakes baseball ever made. Who voted for the rule? The National League voted unanimously to let the American League use it."
- Bear Bryant, Alabama football coach, on the role of athletics on the campus: "It's kind of hard to rally round a math class." **END**

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THE TRAVELERS

Sports Illustrated
APRIL 2, 1973

A SLIGHT CASE OF BEING SUPERHUMAN

Wondrous Bill Walton brought UCLA a seventh straight championship, flattened Memphis State and left the anxious pros to wait till next year

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

First the bad news from St. Louis. UCLA won the national championship again, surviving the threat of a trio of slick, quick and nicknamed dudes from Memphis State who did everything but tear down the Gateway Arch trying to please their riverboat townful of screaming Dixiecrats.

Now the *really* bad news. Bill Walton is staying in school.

Even before Walton had huffed and puffed and blown apart the NCAA record book in UCLA's 87-66 victory Monday night; before he had made 21 of 22 shots, scored 44 points, handled 13 rebounds and sashayed away somewhere high above the lights in the arena; before, indeed, he had proven once again that he is one of the most remarkable athletes of the age, Walton contemplated his future and figured it was now.

"I am not playing pro basketball next year," Walton said. "I have decided there is plenty of time left to earn a living, but now is my time to be a young man. I don't want to worry about the other things. All the attention and the publicity and financial bonanzas are not for me or my life."

Walton, who said he was making a "non-decision," will remain at UCLA through his graduation in the spring of 1974. "I don't need any reasons for coming back," he said. "I'm here and that's it. Money has never been a factor—I wish people would understand that.

"I dig change for the better, but I'm not changing now. My six months as a basketball player are over. Now I get six to be a human. I want to get away and bring some reality into my life."

The reality of Walton as the supreme player struck Memphis State's Larry (Dr. K) Kenon, Ronnie (Big Cat) Robinson and Larry (Little Tubby) Finch very early in the final game when he totally dominated the inside play. Still, after UCLA built a 33-24 lead in the first half, the Doctor kept coming at him, Coach Gene Bartow's team went into a zone and Walton got into foul trouble. The Tigers came growling back to tie the score at 39-all at the half and even took a lead just after intermission. But Walton, despite three fouls—and eventually a fourth—kept on truckin'. Scoring a multitude of points on lob passes from Greg Lee ("Our eyes meet and I wail it up there," said Lee), Walton also terrorized the defensive boards. Relentlessly he carried the champions from a 45-45 tie to a 57-47 lead with 12 minutes left, and Memphis was done.

Walton also was done when he limped to the bench on a hurt ankle with three minutes to go and the lead at 15 points. Memphis' Billy Buford helped him off. Finch, who performed splendidly himself, embraced him, and a once hostile crowd roared in appreciation.

Despite Finch and Kenon and the screaming masses that howled for an upset, what the whole thing turned out to be was only another replay of the past decade in which the Bruins had won nine championships. This was their seventh in a row and, as Pan American's Coach-elect Abe Lemons put it, "Just another UCLA bullfight. You gore the matador all night. In the end he sticks it in you and the donkeys come on and drag you out."

Long before the championship game, Memphis State had made a different kind of impact on the tournament by virtue of some extraordinary work by the team's publicist, Bill Grogan. An industrious, gnomelike creature whose zeal for a hot item is never inhibited by reality, Grogan operated all week as if the Final Four consisted of Russia, China, Wounded Knee and the Senate Judiciary Committee.

Like coaches who hold their national convention in conjunction with the finals every year, publicity men are a dime a dozen at this event. But Grogan, who became a prophet with honor by constructing a season-long publicity campaign around the theme "Meet me in St. Louis, Wooden," was of another species. His prediction fulfilled, the P.R. man came equipped with shopping bags, buttons, press releases, pictures, articles, six boxes of assorted material on "Tigerball" and a bizarre dictionary of 156 words "associated" with the team ("xyloid," "whoopee," "quitclaim" and "gobbledygook" were included).

"I *said* we'd meet the Wizard here, and now we're here," Grogan reminded everyone. "If we beat Providence, 50,000 Memphians goin' serenade Wooden at his hotel. You think he won't want us bad after that. Damn!"

Bartow was leery. "This is not my cup of tea. I'm proofing everything from now on," he said. "Imagine when John Wooden sees this, he'll think there's a

continued

Larry Finch drove for 29 points in title game but was no match for Bill Walton's fierce play.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT NANOVILLE

bunch of nuts running around in Memphis."

Wooden couldn't have cared less. UCLA has been to the finals so often now that he is well acquainted with any bric-a-brac that may fly his way. Ignoring nonsense, the UCLA Wizard channels his energy to polish the ritual of Being There.

This was the tournament where Wooden finally reached super-celebrity status. He was forever instructing media lingerers, greeting old ladies and small children, autographing his book *They Call Me Coach* (there are other names his rivals call him), being reintroduced to young assistant coaches ("You don't remember me, sir. It was in Loretto, Pa.") and conducting on-the-spot clinics in everything from "face guarding" to "weak-side pressure" to "three-two, two-three, low-high, high-low" to how does your garden grow?

He was Fred Astaire at a dance seminar, John Ford at a cinema exhibition; Maharishi Mahesh Yogi on the mount, accepting hosannahs, dispensing advice, suffering fools gently. The Wizard of Westwood, yeah.

The coach of UCLA's semifinal opponent, Indiana, did not have similar memories of the Final Four, in which he had appeared some years earlier as an Ohio State substitute. Now he was back and everyone was wondering would Bobby Knight try any of the things he had done in his flamboyant past? Would he throw a player into the stands? Would he tell the crowd to "Get off your dead rear ends"? Would he snap at journalists, "That's a dumb question"? Would he maybe punch Wooden in the heart? Would he kick Walton in the knee? Would Knight be errant?

Well, no. Anybody from Orrville, Ohio, the home of Smucker's jelly, must have a touch of sweetness somewhere, and Bobby did. Also, he pulled off another fine coaching job, obtaining a terrific second-half effort from the Hoosiers that only stalled when their husky center, Steve Downing, fouled out with 7:57 remaining in the game.

In truth, Indiana looks like a bunch of muscle-toned guys who would have trouble beating your local dorm rats, and they got out of the first half against UCLA simply on guts alone. They were behind 40–22.

Earlier, Indiana had used its deliberate style to forge a 20–17 lead but after Tommy Curtis and Dave Meyers came off the bench to wake the Bruins—and after Walton, angered by a foul call against him, had thrown a towel to the bench that whapped into Wooden's face—UCLA ran off 18 straight points to put the game away by intermission.

At least that's what everybody thought, including Walton, who, with about 17 minutes left and a 20-point lead, shouted to Wooden, "Hey, how about taking off the press?" When the Bruins did, they relaxed. Walton committed two quick fouls (his third and fourth) and with him on the bench the team proceeded to exhibit some of the worst basketball any UCLA team has played since before the pompon was invented.

During one four-minute period the Bruins abandoned cohesion, lost poise, forced shots, incurred three-second penalties and committed a throw-in violation and a technical foul. At the same time UCLA was failing to score, Indiana's Quinn Buckner stopped throwing air balls, John Ritter hit outside and Downing was strong inside. The result? The Hoosiers scored an astonishing 17 straight points to come to 54–51.

Then, with 9:24 left, Walton, back in the game and wheeling across the lane, collided with Downing as the thunder rolled. Referee Joe Shosid raised his arm for the obvious foul—Walton for charging or Downing for blocking?—and pointed . . . at Downing. It was his fourth foul and when he went out of the game with his fifth shortly afterward most of the battle went out of the Hoosiers. Through the stretch, freshmen Jim Crews and Buckner were picked apart by Curtis and Larry Hollyfield as UCLA pulled away to win 70–59.

Indiana will always wonder what would have happened if Shosid's call had gone against Walton. If the tall redhead had left the game and Downing had remained. Wooden said UCLA would have won anyway. Knight, unconvinced, mentioned his team had taken 14 more shots than UCLA, committed six fewer turnovers and that Downing had outscored Walton 26–14.

Memphis had reached the climax with a 98–85 victory over Providence that contained drama, intrigue, heartbreak and a wonderful little order of fettucini on the side.

The noodles were provided by Ernie DiGregorio, who had whiplashed the Friars from the East to a 27-2 record.



Upon arrival in St. Louis, Ernie D expressed confidence that Providence would be the one to finally knock off UCLA. Then he put on a sweat suit and ran all the way from his hotel down Market Street to the Arch and back.

Two days later DiGregorio nearly ran Memphis State out of the tournament in the first half with an assortment of quick shots, lob bomb passes and behind-the-back assists. When Providence went to the dressing room at intermission the Friars held a 49–40 lead, and DiGregorio was responsible for 18 of their 22 baskets. But Ernie did not go inside. Instead, he paced impatiently down the corridor, furious that Bad Marvin Barnes, the Friars' dominating post man,



With Marvin Barnes on the bench, Providence's Fran Costello (31) and Kevin Stecom were no match for superb Larry Kenon off the boards.

had suffered a dislocated knee early in the half and looked unable to continue.

Suddenly Providence Coach Dave Gavitt, who had worried beforehand that Memphis "had three Marvins," did not have even one himself. When play resumed Kenon and Robinson, recognizing that Marvin was starvin' on the bench, dominated the rebounds. Finch started scoring more and the three players roused Memphis to pass the Friars.

DiGregorio, who had to do everything now and got scoring help only from Fran Costello, rushed his shots, began to tire and soon was flailing for air. Though he finished with 32 points, he missed 12 of 19 shots in the second half and failed to record an assist.

Barnes finally persuaded Gavitt to let him back in the game with six minutes to go—and he did score a courageous fast-break basket to cut the lead to one point—but he was hobbling too much to be any kind of a match for Dr. K and Big Cat.

Near delirium at the turn of events, Grogan collected his paraphernalia and shouted, "More supplements tomorrow, you bet." DiGregorio walked to his locker fighting back tears. "We can't run without Barnes," he said, red-eyed, "but who knows? Even with him, maybe we get beat."

That was hardly likely. But such a note was indicative of the graciousness displayed on both sides of the court. "That isn't the kind of break we like to get but we have to take it," said Robinson, who with Kenon combined for 52 Memphis points and 38 rebounds. The two accompanied Barnes out of the arena.

That evening Big Cat lay on his hotel bed and thought about himself and Larry Finch sitting at home back in Memphis all those years and watching the Final Four on TV. UCLA . . . North Carolina . . . Houston . . . all the biggies. And now they had made it themselves. "I didn't think it would happen like this," said Robinson. "We never thought we'd get *this* far."

That figures. It was only Bill Grogan who knew it all along. END

BIG ORANGE COUNTRY SEES RED



Indiana red, that is, which swamped Tennessee for its sixth straight national collegiate swimming title, undeterred by such distractions as orange clockworkers

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

His swimmers regard Doc Counsilman as the wisest and most gentle of men, which still leaves the Indiana coach perhaps a virtue or two shy of being a saint. For sure Counsilman lacks mercy. There he was the other day, pacing the pool deck of the University of Tennessee's Student Aquatic Center and actually fretting over his team's chances of winning an unprecedented sixth straight NCAA championship. "If we make too many mistakes, we can lose this meet," Counsilman insisted. What he neglected to say was that even before the three-day competition began, Indiana had placed a large order at a Knoxville store to print up T shirts bearing a big number 6 on their backs.

The Hoosiers could have put on their new shirts at almost any time without fear of embarrassment, but they elected to hold off until the final points were in, and these gave Indiana a 358–294 advantage over host Tennessee, an emerging power that beat out Southern Cal by 34 points for second place. The Volunteer swimmers no doubt received a lift by being in Big Orange country, manifestations of which included an orange scoreboard and orange folding chairs, not to mention orange miniskirts worn by the Timettes, a corps of Tennessee coeds who punched stopwatches and draped orange leis around the necks of every swimmer in sight. In the opening ceremonies a couple of Timettes slipped into orange bikinis—they also wore orange nail polish—and carried Old Glory across the pool by canoe. The flag, blessedly, was red, white and blue.

Amid the hoopla, Indiana was coping with the kind of problems that any other school gladly would have welcomed. One team member, Mark Spitz, had graduated and gone Hollywood, and if talk of post-Olympic letdowns was rampant, it was because Indiana had in its ranks no fewer than six swimmers who were at Munich. Two of them, Gary Hall and John Kinsella, had suffered disappointing Olympics, but both had recovered this season to help Indiana run its string of consecutive dual meet victories to 88 and Big Ten titles to 13. Kinsella, however, admitted to a case of what amounted to post-Spitz *tristesse*.

"We could always count on Mark for a laugh," Kinsella said on arriving in Knoxville. "He'd say something irrelevant at our team meetings, and everyone would crack up. This year we're too serious. We're not laughing enough."

Kinsella did his part to lighten spirits at Knoxville by winning both the 500- and 1,650-yard freestyles, each for the third straight year. Hall took second in two events, then won the 200 butterfly, but it was Indiana's triumphant 800-yard freestyle relay team, on which he swam anchor, that finally unburdened everybody once and for all. Relays at NCAA meets are worth twice as many points as individual events, yet Indiana for some reason had failed to win one since 1969—or 11 straight relays going into this year.

The Hoosiers had made it 12 straight on Thursday, the meet's opening night. Partly to blame was Mike Stamm, the top U.S. backstroker, who excelled later by winning his specialty at both 100 and 200 yards and setting American records of 50.91 and 1:50.524. In the 400-yard medley relay, however, Stamm finished his leg well in the ruck, dooming Indiana to third behind Tennessee and USC. "I was just trying too hard—I was too tight," he said. Indiana got

Tennessee's hydrodynamically sound John Francis Trembley II won three individual events.



through the first day with a 26-point lead, but there was apprehension. "I was starting to wonder if God wanted us to win this meet," said Hall.

Then came the relay that ended the four-year drought—the 800 freestyle—Indiana winning it in a U.S. record 6:36.39. Along with Hall's strong anchor there was a blazing 1:38.05 leg by freshman Fred Tyler, an Olympian who had traveled in Europe after Munich and had enrolled at Indiana only this past January. Tyler also did well in three individual events Thursday and Friday, taking a third, a fifth and a sixth to amass 31 points, or most of the 39-point lead with which Indiana entered the final day.

With some of its best events coming up, the Hoosiers' biggest worry at this point was Counsilman's right ankle, which he twisted when he stumbled at poolside, spraining it severely enough that he spent the rest of the meet limping. For anything like suspense you had to turn to the battle for runner-up, a position that Southern Cal had occupied for four straight years. While playing Avis to Indiana's Hertz, USC Coach Peter Daland had built what he claimed was the world's tallest swim team. The loftiest of the Trojans was junior college transfer Jack Tingley, a gifted 6′ 7″ distance swimmer who bumped his head a couple of times on the low ceiling that overhung the Aquatic Center's starting blocks. Another towering figure was Olympian Steve Furniss, a 6′3½″ sophomore who shattered Gary Hall's U.S. records in both individual medley events, outracing Hall in the 200 in 1:51.385 and then taking the 400 in 3:55.16.

But Furniss' exploits were not enough. Southern Cal was lamentably weak in the sprints, and this was exactly where Tennessee was strong. The man behind the Volunteer surge was Coach Ray Bussard, whose showmanship goes beyond his obsession with orange. He also dresses his team in Davy Crockett coonskin hats, so called after the Tennessean who, according to song and legend, killed a bear when he was only 3. Ah, symbolism! Tennessee was in its third year as a national power—it had no swim team whatever until 1968—and the bear it was baiting was Southern Cal.

The Vols were led by John Francis Trembley II, a grinning, wide-eyed fellow who shaved his skull for the meet, and kept his hands warm between events by wearing gloves so furry they might have been fashioned from his shorn locks. Trembley is a parachutist and an accomplished organist whose repertoire includes *Laura*, *Blue Moon* and assorted mood music that, he says, "you and your wife might like to listen to while having dinner." He tells of preparing for races by going into a self-induced trance taught him by a hypnotist back home in Loudonville, N.Y. "It helps me cut down the amount of concentration necessary to relax," Trembley explains, perhaps. Whatever his secret, he is a worthy successor to ex-Tennessee freestyler and free spirit Dave Edgar.

With the partisan crowd cheering him on, Trembley entered the Aquatic Center's water five times and climbed out a winner in every instance. He took three individual events—the 50 and 100 freestyles and the 100 butterfly—and he was on Tennessee's winning 400 medley and 400 freestyle relay teams. It was the 400 freestyle relay, the meet's last event, that sealed second place for Tennessee. Trailing the Vols 262–260 and outmanned by Trembley and Tennessee's other sprinters, Southern Cal went for broke and was disqualified when another tall Trojan, 6′ 4″ Steve Tyrell, left the starting block before his teammate had touched.

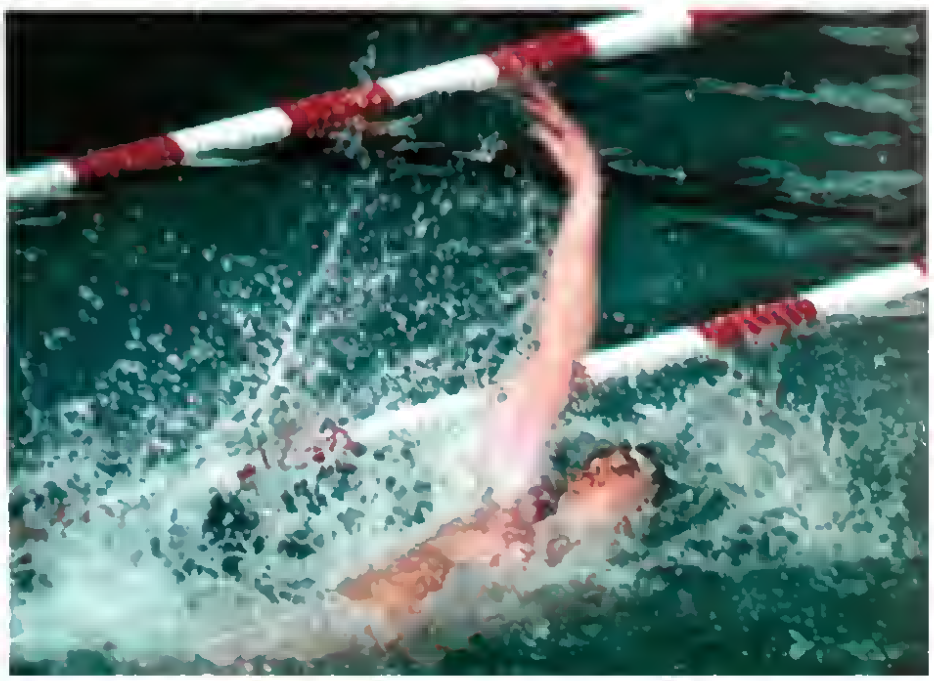
The reason for Tennessee's strong showing, apart from its home-water advantage, is its audacity in competing for talent with such traditional powers as Indiana, Southern Cal and UCLA. Another school doing the same is the University of Washington, which expects next fall to enroll three of the four high school boys—including distance star Rick DeMont—on the '72 U.S. Olympic team. Washington Coach Earl Ellis, whose Huskies finished fifth in Knoxville, is understandably eager for next year's meet. "It'll be nice for a change not knowing on the first day who's going to win," he said.

Indiana still will merit consideration in any such deliberations, even though Counsilman may never again approach the recruiting coups he pulled by landing Spitz, Hall and Kinsella in successive years. "The superstars are becoming better distributed," he admits. "It's getting harder for one school to get them." But Counsilman expects another good crop of freshmen next year and, while he loses Hall by graduation, both Kinsella and Stamm, double winners at Knoxville, will be back.

So will Fred Tyler, the newcomer who pumped life into the Hoosiers last week. "It was up to the freshmen on our team to make up for Spitz," Tyler said. "I knew if the team didn't do well, everybody would blame us freshmen." Tyler has red hair, wire-rimmed glasses and the mildest of manners. Although he lacks the flamboyance of a Spitz, his fine, ascetic features would not disgrace one of those $2.85 (with mailing tube) posters. He was an especially compelling sight at the poolside victory celebration in his new T shirt, the one with the big 6 on the back. END

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER

Indiana's Mike Stamm established American records in the 100- and 200-yard backstroke.



THE PROS COME UP A LITTLE SHORT

In its grand opening the International Track Association grossed $58,600 but nearly shortchanged 12,280 fans with two almost-abbreviated races

by RON REID

Jim Ryun and Kip Keino have waged many a classic race over a mile's worth of running track. Their meeting last weekend was not one of these. It wasn't classic, it wasn't even classy and it very nearly wasn't a mile.

For the eighth time in seven years Ryun and Keino hooked up in the mile run last Saturday night in the Los Angeles Sports Arena. Three weeks earlier, in a dress rehearsal of its pro track show, the ITA unveiled its innovations and format in Pocatello, Idaho, winning the hearts and pocketbooks of the rustics. In Los Angeles, a town as used to good track as it is to bad air, ITA hoped to capture the sophisticates. A good crowd of 12,280, paying $58,600, turned out but, by and large, their hearts but feebly throbbed.

The success of the ITA tour, which will play 17 other cities between now and June 6, depends upon the big Ryun-Keino closing number. Said ITA impresario Mike O'Hara, "I knew that when Jim went down in Munich, I had to get that combination for our meets." His reasoning was sound. Ryun's fall in his Olympic 1,500-meter heat almost guaranteed that people would pay to see how he would fare upright, and the dramatic history of the Ryun-Keino races was equally irresistible.

To hype the gate, Keino said it was possible that the world indoor mile record would be broken when he and Ryun chased the ITA pacer lights Saturday. "The lights will be set for an even 59 seconds per quarter," Keino said. "If we run four 59-second quarters, it will be 3:56. The indoor record is 3:56.4. It will depend on the condition of the runners. I think I'm ready."

Perhaps he was, though he never established that fact the way the race was run, which was to a 60-second-quarter pace. It was obvious, however, that Ryun was not ready. Plodding far behind on heavy legs, he ran a race painful to watch through its first eight laps. At one point he trailed his old rival by 70 yards.

"I don't know what kind of pace he's going to ask for," Ryun had said the night before the meet. "Whatever it is, I'll probably follow him and try to go at the end. I've found that the best part



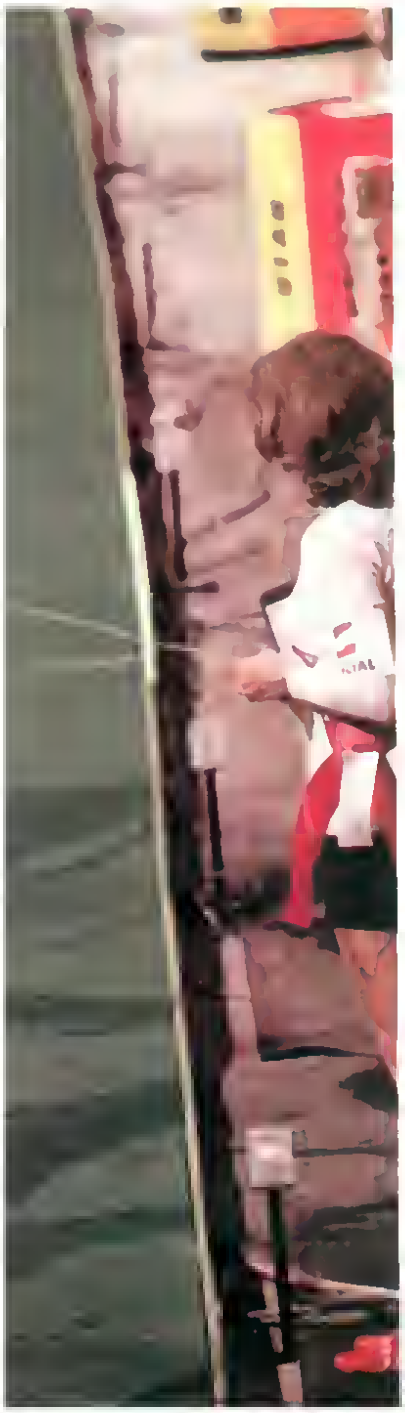
Lee Evans hoists tape mistakenly stretched a lap early. He went on to win 500-meter run but Larry James and Vince Matthews stopped.

of my race is from 500 to 600 yards in. I'll be trying to beat him, but I really don't know what I'm ready for yet."

What neither Ryun nor Keino was ready for was a race of 1,600 yards. Despite their acclaimed professionalism, the meet officials were no better than their bumbling amateur counterparts. The starter fired his pistol for the gun lap with two laps to go, and as Keino approached the finish line he was waved on for another go-round. As he predicted, Ryun kicked through the last three laps, but he had yielded too much early ground to catch the bushed Kenyan, who hung on to beat him by 10 yards in 4:06 and pick up the $500 purse.

"I just jogged the last lap," said Keino. "I didn't have any momentum."

"I've got to have some more time to get in condition," said Ryun, "and I need some more competitive races." Of course, neither he nor Keino beat the lights, and perhaps that was to be expected. The night before Keino had said "How can I beat the lights? That's electricity and I am only a human being."



Had the mile been the only gaffe of the evening, the meet might have got rave reviews. There were other mishaps, however, most notably Lee Evans' try for a world record in the 500-meter run being bollixed by a tape that graced the finish line one lap too early. The meet also dragged on behind schedule; emcee Marty Liquori fought a losing battle with inexperience; and the 60-yard dash finish was a perfect mess.

The 500 meters is seldom run, indoors or out, so it appeared that the old indoor world record of 1:02.9 set by Mal Whitfield in 1953 would be broken by the proud and powerful Evans. Larry James also said he felt he had a good chance to take the race, and Vince Matthews, the controversial Olympic 400-meter champion, doubtlessly felt much the same way. To Evans' credit, he threw aside the tape and kept on running. James and Matthews, who thought that the race was over, stopped. Evans missed the record by a second, and was disappointed. James missed beating Evans and was frustrated. The crowd was angry and booed. "The first thing I thought of," Evans said, "was 'How am I going to get around that tape?' The other guys should have known that the race wasn't over that soon. The trouble was that when it happened the crowd went blank and didn't help pull me along the way a crowd has to when you're going for a world record." In a nice gesture, Evans offered to run James and Matthews again in a two-lap race, but they declined. "If we had run," Evans said, "it wouldn't have been any different. I'd have been first in that one, too."

Who was first in the 60 is a matter of interpretation. Warren Edmonson was declared the winner over Mel Pender and Jean-Louis Ravelomanantsoa since a photo showed his head had crossed the finish line first and, according to ITA rules, heads, not torsos, count. Pender protested. He said he didn't know of the head-first rule. A suggestion that the prize money be split enraged Edmonson. "I knew about the rule," he fumed. "It was published in a lot of papers and therefore I think I won."

The meet did not rank as a total disaster, however. That prospect was forestalled early in the evening by Shot Putter Brian Oldfield. A chap who admits to a hankering for booze and butts, Oldfield got off a personal best of 68′ 4¼″, a foot and a half under the indoor record, to win his event on his last attempt, but he had it wrapped up with his first toss, which measured out at 68′ 1″. Randy Matson finished second at 65′ 9″. Oldfield's series of six throws included efforts of 68′ ¾″ and 67′ 11¾″.

"I had a 70-footer in practice," he said. "I just felt secure and then little things blew it for me. I really wanted the record. That last one was a low throw, but there was more energy in it." Puffing on a post-put cigarette, he added, "I want to be the best. I want to bring the outdoor record indoors and I want to do it this year. My timetable calls for me to be at 71′5″ or 72′ by the end of May or early June. I'm training more consistently now. Instead of the cocktail hour, I go to practice, then to the cocktail hour."

Another plus came from Bob Beamon, who got off his best long jump in four years, soaring 26′ 5½″ on his first attempt. The leap was the second best indoors in the world this season, and the prospect of Beamon's return to his outdoor majesty of 1968 was augmented when he fouled, but only slightly, on a jump of 26′ 10½″.

"I did all right," contended Beamon, who now takes off from his left foot, having suffered an injury to his right leg. "It was a decent jump, but I've still got to pay the price for being out four years. I've got a goal in my mind as to what I'd like to do, but I can't say what it is right now."

Lacey O'Neal, a photo-finish winner of the women's 60-yard dash in 6.7, was not so mysterious. "Pro track is great," she said. "The money is important, but you also get a feeling of importance. I'm enjoying every bit of it and I hope and pray that it continues."

So does Mike O'Hara. But at the moment a little more professionalism would not hurt. **END**



For this relief much thanks.
HAMLET

A LOT MORE WHERE THEY CAME FROM

The Montreal Canadiens have so much young talent that this year's East Division title appears to be only the beginning **by MARK MULVOY**

Frank Mahovlich returned to the ninth grade and borrowed a phrase from Shakespeare in an attempt to convey what he thought the 500th goal of his National Hockey League career had meant not only to himself but to all the Montreal Canadiens. As a matter of record, Mahovlich's goal, a shanked shot that dribbled aimlessly into the net from 25 feet out, beat the Vancouver Canucks last Wednesday night and clinched the East Division championship for the Canadiens, thus leaving the preseason favorites—New York and Boston—to battle for the runner-up position. But more important, as Mahovlich realized, the championship provided the Canadiens with at least temporary relief from the pressures and the tensions of having to satisfy the most demanding collection of critics in hockey—Canada's 5½ million Frenchmen.

"Only now will the people let us up," said Henri Richard (*see cover*), the 37-year-old captain of the team. "How many games have we lost this year? Nine. And each loss . . . it has been a disaster. All the time it has been pressure. And now there will be even more pressure in the playoffs. If you finish first and do not win the Stanley Cup, these people . . . they forget you finished in first place. Remember, when you are the Canadiens you cannot make excuses."

Montreal should need no excuses when the grueling chase for Lord Stanley's $48.67 cup begins next week. Only the Bruins and the Rangers seem capable of stopping the Canadiens, and one of them will be eliminated after their *mano a mano* matchup in the opening round. Stated simply, the Canadiens have the best goaltender (Ken Dryden) and the best group of defensemen (Jacques Laperriere, Guy Lapointe and Serge Savard) in the game, and in Mahovlich, his gangling brother Peter, Jacques Lemaire, Yvan Cournoyer, Guy Lafleur, Marc Tardif and Chuck Lefley, among others, they have more than enough firepower to storm the Bastille.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TORY TRIOLO

General Manager Sam Pollock is surrounded with stars present—Lafleur (in helmet) and Mahovlich (at goal) and future—farm clubbers Lambert (16) and Gardner (9)

The Montreal bench, meanwhile, is stocked with talented rookies, particularly Goalies Michel Plasse and Wayne Thomas, Defenseman Larry Robinson and Wings Murray Wilson and Steve Shutt, who play like the Drydens and the Laperrieres and the Mahovliches whenever Coach Scotty Bowman finds time to use them. For instance, when Dryden suffered his annual hack injury and had to sit out for almost six weeks, Thomas, 25, moved down from his seat in the stands and lost only one of eight starts, whereupon Plasse, 24, stepped in and was undefeated in seven games.

Impressed? Hold on a minute. Down east on the farm at Halifax, Nova Scotia shrewd Sam Pollock, the general manager of the Canadiens, has assembled a team comprised of the best *young* talent outside the NHL. Indeed, Goaltender Bunny Larocque, 20, Center Dave Gardner, 20, and Wings Chuck Arnason, 21, and Yvon Lambert, 22, are only a few of the Montreal minor-leaguers who should be playing regularly in the NHL instead of toiling for Halifax. Next year they all undoubtedly will graduate to the bench in Montreal.

Dryden best assessed the future of the young Canadiens one day when someone asked him if this might be the year that the Rangers finally will win the Stanley Cup. After contemplating the question, Dryden coolly answered: "If they don't win the cup this year, it probably will be a long time before they do."

Nevertheless, despite their impressive personnel strengths and the lordly manner in which they have dominated the NHL this year, the Canadiens' road to their 11th Stanley Cup in the last 17 years will not be one big ego trip. For Montreal, it never is. Henri Richard worries about tradition. Wayne Thomas worries that his talents are being eroded by his constant inactivity. Guy Lafleur worries that the Canadiens will not come close to the $90,000-a-year salary the Quebec Nordiques of the World Hockey Association have offered him to switch leagues next season. Scotty Bowman worries about statistics and whether 44-year-old Jacques Plante will be a miracle man for the Bruins in the playoffs. Sam Pollock worries about everything that Richard and Thomas and Lafleur and Bowman are worrying about—and some other things, too.

The English press in Montreal worries that two stories a day on the Canadiens may be one too many. And the two French morning tabloids worry that six pages a day on *Le Club de Hockey Canadien* may be four pages too few. Don't the people have a right to know when and where Rejean Houle's son Sylvain is being baptized? "*Oui*," says *Montreal Matin*. Doesn't Frank Mahovlich's 500th goal deserve a 10-picture spread, including even a shot of the goal judge who turned on the historic red light? "*Oui*," says *le Journal de Montreal*.

"When you play in Montreal," Henri Richard said between sips of coffee, "you are never just a hockey player." Silver-haired and well-scarred, Richard probably will retire if the Canadiens win the cup. "I want to go out the way Jean Beliveau did—skating around the ice with the cup," he said. If he joins the Rocket in retirement, Montreal will be without a Richard for the first time in 32 years. "My oldest boy, Gilles, is 15 and doesn't want to play the game. He knows he doesn't have it. I told him once, 'Keep your stick on the ice.' He told me, 'I don't want to be like you,' and that was the end of it. I think Denis, who is 13, will be a good player someday. But it's not important. They are first in their schools and I was always the last. Best in sport, last in school. That was me. Maybe it is better to have it the other way."

Richard is a volatile leader. Two years ago in the playoffs he launched an all-

continued

out verbal assault on Coach Al MacNeil, calling him the "worst coach I have ever played for." The blast aroused the Canadiens, and they rallied to upset Chicago for the cup as Richard himself scored the winning goal in the final game. Richard acted again last Thanksgiving when reports of dissension on the Canadiens began to appear in the Montreal papers. Some players suggested that journalists be banned from the Montreal dressing room for a lengthy period after each game. Richard, however, insisted that the writers should be allowed immediate access to the dressing room.

"What are you, sleeping with them?" asked one irate teammate.

Incensed by this insubordination, Richard got up, walked over to the player and gave him a Godfatherly slap across the face. Case closed.

"The kids today, they are so different," Richard said. "When I joined the Canadiens I didn't say a word for five years. My brother told me not to say anything, just listen. These kids, you tell them something and they tell you where to go." As he looks around at all the young players who covet his job, Richard thinks about retirement. "No one will have to tell me when to go. I'll know myself. I'll never hang on."

There are four briefcases lined against the wall in Sam Pollock's office. The three black bags are stuffed with legal trivia. The brown bag contains Pollock's game plan for winning probably seven or eight Stanley Cups in the next decade. "That's my personal stuff," Pollock said, implying that the contents have more value than whatever the Republicans found at Watergate.

"People build teams certain ways," Pollock said. "George Allen, of course, prefers to trade his draft choices for veteran players. Not me. I've always traded for futures—not pasts. We have rebuilt this team in the last five years, and I think the future looks pretty solid." No wonder. At the end of each season Pollock puts together several Care packages for the weaker teams in the NHL and then collects "future considerations"—that is hockey legalese for draft choices—in return. In the last five years Montreal has had a total of 14 first-round selections in the amateur draft, while California has had two and Los Angeles only one. And this year the Canadiens will make seven of the first 20 selections in the draft, including the No. 2 pick acquired from California three years ago.

"People criticize my tactics, sure," Pollock said. "They claim I take advantage of other general managers. That's not correct. If you take advantage of people, they won't deal with you again. Look, I've made countless deals with Minnesota, St. Louis, California, Los Angeles. So why do they keep coming back? Obviously I'm giving them something good in return."

Pollock plots many of his trades in the back seat of a chauffeured Lincoln or in front of some of the 100-odd paintings that hang in his house. "Traveling by car gives you time to relax and concentrate," he said. "I stopped flying after making 262 plane trips one year." Pollock specializes in collecting contemporary Canadian art, particularly works done by the Group of Seven. "I'm an art collector, not an investor," he emphasized. "I'm a fan of art. I prefer the Canadian paintings because they can be obtained for reasonable prices compared to European works. I mean, there are no Canadian paintings selling for $348,000."

Bald on top, bulging at the waist, extremely intense, the 47-year-old Pollock lives with a fear of defeat, yet when the Canadiens have lost in the past the pain has passed quickly. "Sam is a bit paranoid about hockey games," said one player. "When he comes into the room before a game against even the Islanders or the Seals he leaves us with the impression that this game tonight is for the Stanley Cup. Sam's teams have never been involved in an easy game, not in his mind, anyway." Or as Scotty Bowman says, "Sam is never nonchalant about anything in hockey."

Next month Pollock will probably trade Wayne Thomas to a noncontender in the West Division for "future considerations." Thomas is Montreal's No. 3 goaltender. His goals-against average for eight games is 2.25; Dryden's record for 53 games is 2.12.

"Practices used to be enjoyable because I anticipated playing in a regular game," Thomas said. "When Ken got hurt, I was ready—and I think I played pretty well. Then I lost a game. Now I haven't played in about two months. And I hate practice. We have a lot of headhunters on this team, players who like to take 25-foot slap shots during workouts. All I am is their target. That's not practice for me."

Despite his recent inactivity, Thomas dreaded that he might be traded before the deadline three weeks ago. "Look, I'm not stupid," he said. "I want to get the money now. There's about $20,000 a man waiting for us when we win everything. I can always play next year."

Dale Hoganson, 23, has played only 24 games for Montreal. A solid defenseman, he would be a regular for at least 10 other NHL clubs. Instead he watches most nights in his civilian clothes. The Canadiens suspect he already has signed a three-year, $270,000 package contract with the Quebec Nordiques. After Mahovlich's goal won the East Division title last week, and the $4,000 that went with it, Hoganson burst into the dressing room to congratulate his teammates. "Thanks for the four," he said, "now get me 16 more."

Guy Lafleur, 21, was called *Le Petit Orphelin*—the Golden Boy—when he played his junior hockey for the Quebec Remparts. Now he is engaged to the daughter of one of the owners of the Quebec Nordiques. He says there is a 50-50 chance he will play for Quebec next year. "I drive there once or twice a week," he says. "It's only 90 minutes." By Cadillac, that is. Will the Canadiens match the Nordiques' offer? "I plead the fifth," Sam Pollock said. "I can't say anything about the WHA."

Alicia Bowman, 2, removed her Boston Bruins bib and kissed her father good night at precisely 7:34 p.m. At 7:35 p.m. Scotty Bowman started to watch the Boston-Minnesota game on television, and at 8 p.m. he turned on his Hitachi radio, adjusted the antenna and began to dial-hop between the broadcasts of the Philadelphia-Vancouver and the Atlanta-New York Rangers games. "A typical night at home," said Suella Bowman. "You will never find a guy who cares more about hockey," says Henri Richard. Or as one of Bowman's former players in St. Louis says: "Scotty Bowman loves hockey so much he wants to be reincarnated as a goalpost."

Bowman keeps a brown notebook in his pocket, and every two or three minutes he whips out the book and begins to quote statistics. "Richard's opposing centers have scored only five goals

continued

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When the funny stories you share are about your travels and not about your travel trailer, it was probably built with Starcraftsmanship.

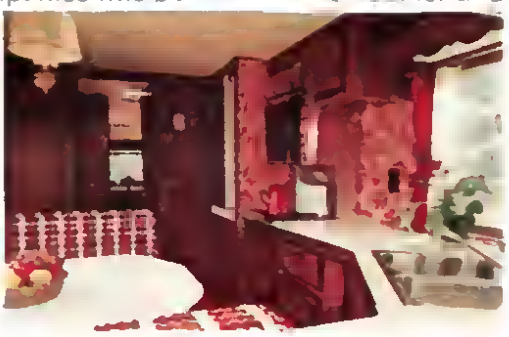
There's something mechanical about the stories most people tell about their travel trailers.

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Somebody couldn't swing their legs out of bed without bumping into the kitchen table.

Somebody slept for two weeks in the fetal position because they were 6'4" tall and their travel trailer came with 6' tall beds.

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That's why we build our travel trailers with Starcraftsmanship.

Starcraftsmanship was a standard of excellence a long time before it was a word.

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Besides good design the Travel-Star has a lot of other attractive features. They're just on a smaller scale. (Like its price.)



In fact both our travel trailers have a lot of impressive features. Both have 110/12 volt electrical converter systems.

Both have a unique suspension system that makes trailing smoother and more even.

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We're so serious about Starcraftsmanship it's almost funny.

But it's why we can afford to give the warranty on materials and workmanship that we do. And why a lot of people who own Wander-Stars or Travel-Stars can tell you lots of funny things about their travels. But not lots of stories about things that went wrong with their trailers.

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against him all year," he intoned. "Jimmy Roberts' wingers have scored only three goals against him. Frank Mahovlich has scored 13 goals at home and 23 on the road. Guy Lafleur has scored 17 goals at home and eight on the road. He also leads the club with seven game-winning goals. Ken Dryden has allowed 36 goals in the first period, 40 in the second, *39 in the third. Jacques Lemaire* has scored 17 of his 40 goals in the third period." Then Bowman put the book away. "Statistics are for losers," he said. "Not those statistics, mind you, because they help me prepare the team for a game. They tell me something. The other statistics don't count. New York and Boston each has six players among the top 51 scorers in the league. We have only three. See what I mean?"

Bowman has irritated many of the Montreal players with his steadfast refusal to establish set lines and stick with them and also his instant decision to bench a player during a game. "I'm not here to win a popularity contest," he snapped. "There is no way I can keep 23 players informed about my every thought."

Bowman looked at his watch. "I haven't heard from Sam all day. He drove to a funeral in Boston this morning, and he's on his way back now. Usually we talk on the phone at night to compare notes again on what we discussed during the day. Since he hasn't called, I guess things are under control for now."

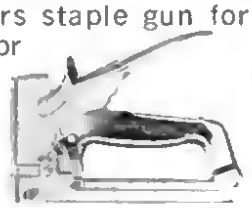
The discussion was about draft choices this year. Would the Canadiens, who could use a young center, draft Tom Lysiak from Medicine Hat, or Andre Savard from Quebec City? "Of course they will take Savard because he is a Frenchman," said a French-speaking television announcer. Claude Ruel, probably the best scout in hockey, shook his head. "We will take the best player available. Give me 12 Japanese forwards, and if they win the cup for the Montreal Canadiens, then that is all right."

There are 12 Frenchmen among the 23 players on the Montreal roster, giving them a majority which, despite its slimness, obviously pleases the French press. "The Canadiens may not be the Flying Frenchmen in 20 years," says Pierre Gobeil of *Montréal Matin*, "but they are now." Boston, New York and the other tough competitors can hardly feel relieved by that. **END**

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BOSTON'S PERPETUAL MOTION MACHINE

Boxing out, bringing the ball upcourt or going to the hoop, Celtic Center Dave Cowens irresistibly overcomes most objects, stationary and movable

by PETER CARRY



A White Center is the pro basketball term for a specific sort of very tall man. He isn't nimble. He isn't quick. He can't jump over a candlestick. Besides, he is likely to be heavy in the rear, slow afoot and better at blocking fans than shots. Over the past 15 years virtually all Caucasian pivotmen have fallen into this category, even though the phrase has lost its racial connotation and has been applied to a few big black men as well. What still pertains is the fact that since 1958 nobody has won a championship with a White Center.

Dave Cowens' skin is fair, pasty when he relaxes, medium rare during the long spells of hyperactivity that mark his style. His eyes are pale, nearly blank in contrast to the vivid red of his long wavy hair. Cowens is nimble, he is quick, he can jump over candelabra and maybe the moon. He plays center for the Boston Celtics, who *will enter the* NBA playoffs this week with the league's best record. The Celts are favored to win their first championship in four years, and their 12th in the last 17, largely because 24-year-old Dave Cowens is the first great white Black Center.

Cowens is also the first of the superrich young players who owns a four-wheel-drive wagon instead of a car, the first of the All-Star pivotmen to wear suspenders, the first of the bigtime basketball bachelors who has purchased neither silk sheets, a fur coverlet nor a Magic Fingers. He has, it turns out, neglected to buy a bed. To Cowens' way of thinking, if you've got it, hide it, save it, stash it in the attic or invest it in a catfish farm in British Honduras.

In fact, if Cowens had his choice, nobody would notice him do anything except play basketball, and he would prefer to do that in anonymity, wearing a numberless uniform and keeping no statistics other than the score. The major flaw in this notion is that he plays his position so distinctively that fans would know it was Cowens even if he wore a mask and a purple tutu. Tagliori

The best of the other pivotmen create an impression of grace, in part because of their practiced smoothness but also because they pace themselves. By contrast, Cowens is an unguided missile, a runaway freight. During any given game he is apt to run more baseline-to-

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DICK RAPHAEL

baseline sprints, take part in more fast breaks, guard more outside shooters, dive for more loose balls and trample over more opponents, teammates, referees, ball boys, front-row spectators, scorekeepers, sportswriters and sundry pieces of courtside furniture than some centers do in their entire careers.

That Cowens has yet to impale himself on a basket stanchion or gore himself on a TV camera or keel over from exhaustion remains something of a marvel to the men he plays against. They often liken him to teammate John Havlicek, long the NBA's most irrepressible runner and a candidate for this year's Most Valuable Player Award, which Cowens deserves to win. While Havlicek drives a sinewy 6′ 5″ body, Cowens is trucking a 6′ 8½″, 230-pound frame. Havlicek is a step faster and a better shooter, but less imposing when it comes to hashing heads at top speed. And physical punishment at high speed and high altitude is the essence of Cowens' style.

"I feel less talented than a lot of the guys I play against," Cowens says, "and I *know* that most of them are a lot taller. But I can run the 100-yard dash with anyone in the league. To be effective, I've got to use my speed all the time. I've got to force the bigger guys out of their usual patterns and into mine by making them afraid that I'll run away from them and score easy baskets. They seem very conscious of my speed now. They're chasing me harder all the time. I started running because I didn't want them to embarrass me, and now they're running so I won't embarrass them.

"It's the same with my aggressiveness. It's the only way I can play because if I don't fight for the positions I want, the big guys will eat me up. It's absolutely necessary that I box out on every play, even if it means I might not have a chance for the rebound. By keeping my own man off the board, I know I've increased the odds that one of our other guys, like Paul Silas or Don Chaney, will get the ball.

"The times I go really hard after the ball are when I know we must have it. It's my job to get it then. I don't worry about injuries. I'm the one going a little bit nutty out there. I don't get hit because I'm doing the hitting."

Celtic Coach Tom Heinsohn believes Cowens may revolutionize the pro game as much as Boston's other dominant center, Bill Russell, did in his time. While Russell took the territory within 10 feet of the basket away from opposing shooters, Cowens, not a shot blocker of Russell's caliber, has extended the center's area of play to the four corners of the court. He has brought speed to the one spot in the lineup where it always has been considered least necessary. Cowens can slip outside for his vastly improved jump shot or curl inside for a quick, left-handed hook. He can fill a lane in the fast break and yet is strong enough to rebound against anyone. He is able to participate in the full-court press and still effectively guard far taller men close to the basket. He helps Boston play the NBA's switchingest defense because he is capable of going man-on-man against the quickest outside shooters. During Cowens' first pro season his opponents felt that he would ultimately serve Boston best as a forward. Now most pros think he is the perfect center for the Celtics' fast-tempo style.

"He adds a different dimension to Boston's game," says Chicago's Norm Van Lier. "He has great defensive range on a horizontal rather than on a vertical plane. He'll meet me at the top of the key, spread those long arms and make it almost impossible to pass off without him getting a finger on the ball."

It is against the league's three best giant centers, Milwaukee's 7′ 2″ Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Los Angeles' 7′ 1″ Wilt Chamberlain and Golden State's 6′ 11″ Nate Thurmond, that Cowens' edge in speed figures to be most drastically offset by his lack of height. Yet Boston is 9-3 against those teams this season, and only Abdul-Jabbar, whose Bucks have two of the wins, has decisively outscored and outrebounded Cowens in their games against each other. "He's the toughest man I've ever played against," says Thurmond. "By that I don't mean he's the best, just the toughest. He's a new breed of center who's proven that 6′ 9″ is big enough in a given situation. In the Celtics' attack he's a near perfect replacement for Bill Russell."

As High Henry Finkel, Boston's 7-foot substitute center, likes to remind Cowens, it was he, not Dave, who actually replaced Russell after the team won the 1969 championship. The next season Boston posted its worst record in 20 years, finishing low enough in the standings to be able to draft Cowens from Florida State. Cowens had not been widely publicized during his college days, mostly because an NCAA probation for recruiting violations had barred the Seminoles from postseason tournaments. Much of what attention he did receive came in his senior year, when he was the only white man starting for FSU, a situation that made him the odd card on a team nicknamed "The Busted Flush." Nevertheless, he was considered an ace by pro scouts.

"He scared me to death the one time I scouted him," remembers Celt President Red Auerbach. "He was so good against Dayton that I kept hoping he'd make a mistake. There were half a dozen guys from other NBA clubs in the building, and I figured if they saw the same potential in Cowens I did, I was dead.

"My original estimate was he'd probably be a forward and part-time center. What changed my mind was his attitude. We could see right away in his first training camp that nobody was going to tell this kid he couldn't do something if he wanted to. Just to make sure we weren't wrong about playing him in the middle, I called Russell for a quick opinion. Russ told us to forget Dave's height and let him play where he wanted. 'You won't be sorry,' he said. 'No one's going to intimidate that kid.'"

Nobody has. During his first pro appearance, a benefit game before his rookie season, Cowens had 32 points and 22 rebounds against a team centered by Chamberlain. Boston's record moved back over .500 that year, with Cowens starting at center for all but the first three games and becoming co-Rookie of the Year. In 1971-72 the Celtics handily won the Atlantic Division and Cowens very nearly was named Most Valuable Player in the All-Star Game. He won that award this year and has averaged 20.6 points and 16 rebounds as the Celts' winning percentage has soared above .800.

Cowens' refusal to adjust his lifestyle to the pro norm has been as adamant as his adaptation to the pro playing style has been rapid. He cares plenty about money—he earned a total of $300,000 his first three seasons and will negotiate a new contract this spring for what is likely to be an immense raise—but not much about the finer things of life as defined by most of his contemporaries in the NBA. It is as if Cowens has pulled the diverse parts of his personality equally out of *Standard & Poor*'s and *The Last*

continued

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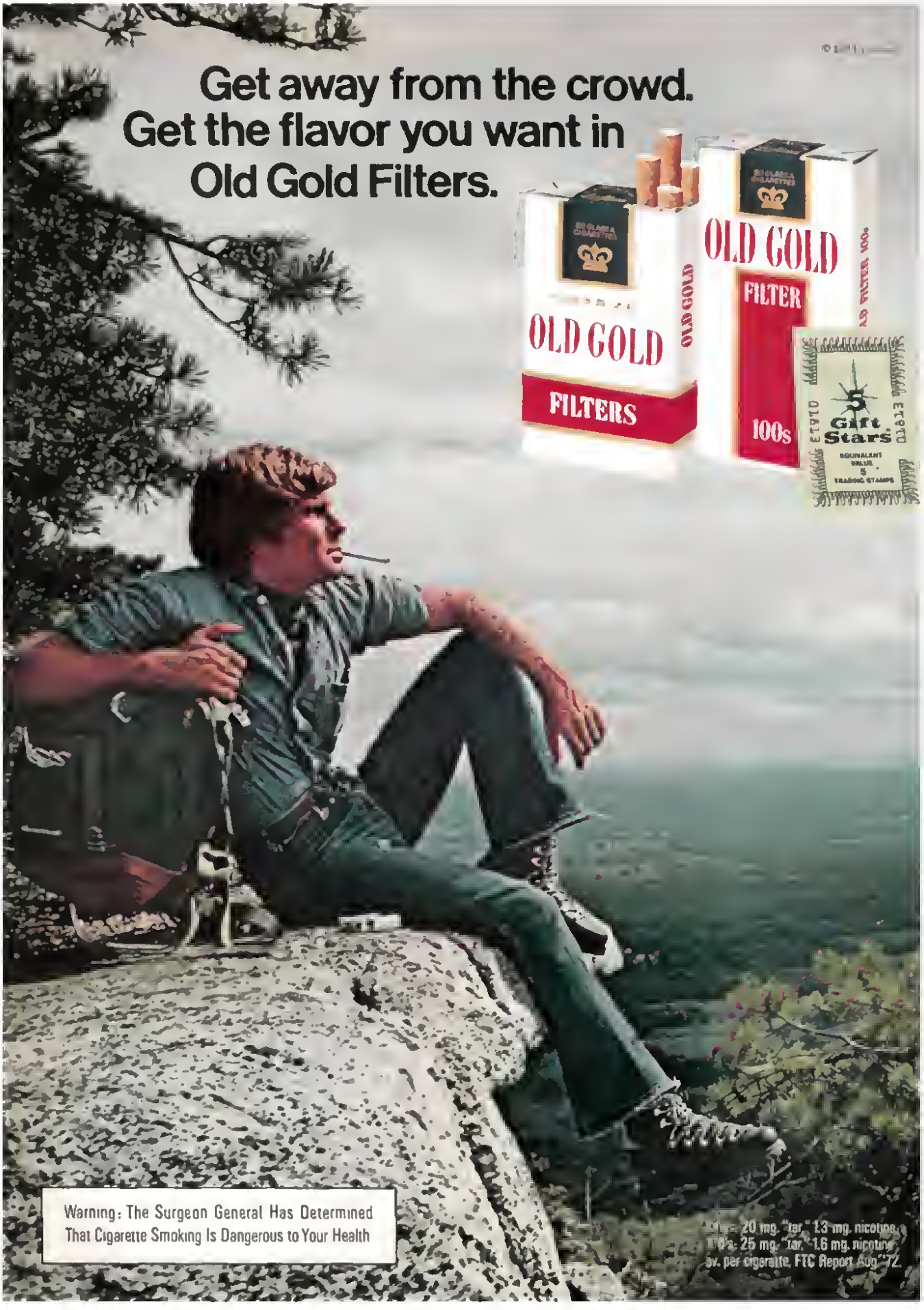
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Whole Earth Catalogue. And he has blended his financial conservatism so neatly with his free-spiritedness that it is almost impossible to figure where one begins and the other ends.

While other young players might drive customized Eldorados with fur dashboards, Cowens motors about in a mud-splattered rented Chevy. He recently ordered his own set of wheels, a vehicle halfway between a station wagon and a truck outfitted for off-the-road driving. From Cowens' point of view it is a good buy on two counts. It costs less than a Cadillac and will take him where he wants to go: over hill, down dale and into the woods.

His clothes do not include leather overcoats in the style of the German General Staff, custom-tailored shirts or $100 boots hand-tooled by Italian elves. Indeed, there is conjecture among Cowens' teammates as to whether his entire wardrobe cost $100, since it apparently consists of one pair of brown corduroy trousers, a few plaid shirts, a suit with the narrowest lapels since Joe Friday and, of late, several pairs of old-fashioned suspenders, the kind with chromed alligator clasps on the ends.

"Belts bother me," Cowens says. "When you sit down to eat, you've always got to loosen 'em. Besides, the suspenders look a little wild, and I like that."

Wearing them is perhaps the only thing Cowens admits to doing even partially for effect. Normally he rejects ostentation, just as he seriously questions whether anyone, particularly a young athlete, should be the object of hero worship.

"I enjoy playing basketball, I work hard at it and there's one thing I hope to get out of it: a good, permanent income when I'm finished," he said one recent morning sitting in his tiny unlit living room, sipping a cup of breakfast tea. "That'll allow me to do the things I want to—and they're mostly simple things without having to worry about money.

"But I don't want prestige or fame from basketball. I feel that's wrong. It's not an important occupation. And besides, I think people should be admired for what they are, not what they do.

"That's why I think it's foolish for people to ask me for my autograph. My lousy signature is meaningless unless you really know me and decide I'm an admirable person. It's not a good thing for little kids to think that I'm such hot stuff because I'm a basketball player that they should crowd around and beg me to sign a piece of paper.

"It's the same when people want to do articles on me. I get embarrassed. I think of my old buddies back home and my parents and my uncles, and I wonder if they aren't better people than I am, if the articles shouldn't be done on them instead. But in this business, if you don't sit still for interviews or sign a lot of autographs, you're in the doghouse."

Cowens has given out enough autographs and talked patiently with enough reporters to indicate that he is motivated more by a sense of civility on those occasions than by fear of joining the Bos-

continued

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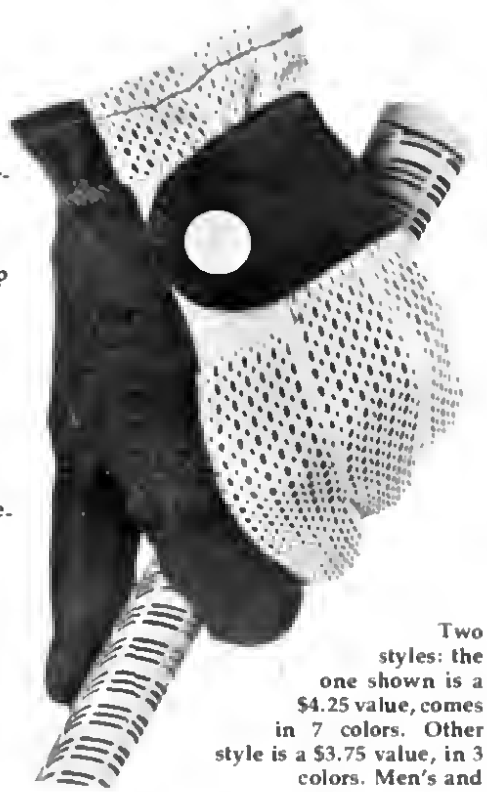
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ton kennel club. Still, partly by accident and partly by design, he has become something of a self-proclaimed loner in and around Boston. He is the Celts' only bachelor, and that tends to limit his off-court associations with his teammates to road trips. He has chosen to live outside the city because it is cheaper, because he prefers open space, because he values privacy.

From Memorial Day until Labor Day, the little white clapboard bungalow adjacent to the swimming pool on Phyllis and Richard Gold's suburban estate in Weston serves as a bathhouse. Three years ago Mrs. Gold decided that the addition of a stove, a heater and a stall shower would make the cabin a suitable winter residence for a professor from one of the local colleges. The alterations were made and the building was offered for rent to faculty members on bulletin boards at Harvard and Brandeis. Cowens, who had been drafted a few months before and was working to complete his degree in criminology by doing research for a Harvard professor, saw the listing and called. Philly received an immediate lesson in the Cowens' conversational method: narrow-gauged questions and telegraphic answers.

"You got a house to rent?" asked the caller.

"Yes," said Philly.

"Rented yet?"

"No, but. . ."

"Can I look?"

"Yes, but who are you? A student?"

"No."

"What are you, then?"

"I play basketball."

"Oh, that's nice. We have a net right out here in the driveway. Do you think you could tell me whom you play basketball for?"

"For Boston."

"You mean you're a *Celtic*?"

"I had been a great fan when Bob Cousy was with the team," says Philly, "but we hadn't paid much attention to the Celtics since he left. Neither Richard nor I knew who Dave Cowens was. Anyway, I told him to come over. A little later this big, gorgeous redhead was standing at my door."

Even though it is no larger than Wilt Chamberlain's foyer, the pool house turned out to be exactly what Cowens wanted. He agreed to the princely rent of $185 a month (furnished) and promptly dived in for a swim with Philly and her children.

"I called Richard and told him, 'We rented the house,' " remembers Philly.

"He said, 'To whom?'

" 'A Celtic!' I answered.

"Then Richard asked, 'Does he have a no-cut contract?' "

The Golds, who are warm and rather intellectual people, have become Cowens' best friends in Boston. Their three teen-age kids tease him just as they do each other and Cowens invades the Golds' dining room whenever he grows tired of his own cooking. Richard, a lawyer-businessman, has become Cowens' financial adviser. Among Cowens' investments are two apartment houses in

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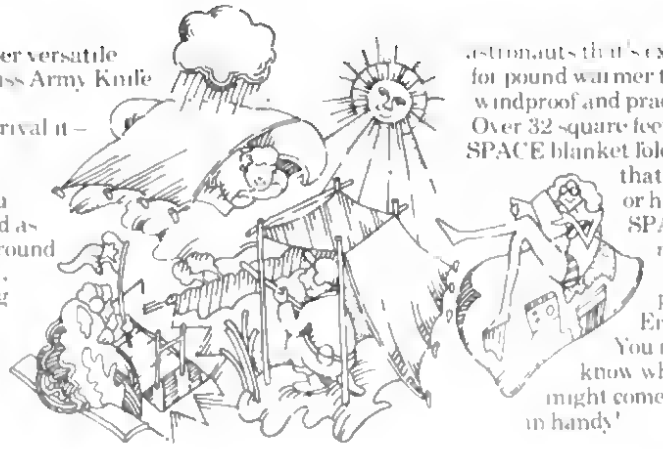
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FIVE SECOND PRIZE WINNERS will pick either a Travelall with a 21-foot Monitor trailer. Or a Scout with a 16-foot Monitor trailer. Or a Camper Pickup with an 11-foot Monitor truck camper.

FIVE THIRD PRIZE WINNERS will pick either a fully-equipped Travelall. Or an all-wheel drive Scout. Or a Camper Special Pickup.

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Baltimore he purchased so that his brother Wayne could manage them and earn a salary that would help pay his way through Johns Hopkins School of Medicine. Another investment is a share of a catfish farm in British Honduras that Richard Gold claims will be a big winner once the lady catfish can be persuaded to get on with the spawning.

Along one wall of the combination living room-dining room-bedroom-study of Cowens' house is a convertible sofa that is his only upholstered chair and his bed. Across from it is a cabinet he put together for his four-component stereo set, a rig he bought after signing with the Celtics. He describes it as "my only fling." The cabinet is well stocked with records, but Cowens has recently been listening to the music of only four men: Charlie McCoy, Lester Flatt, Earl Scruggs and Ludwig van Beethoven.

Strewn on the floor next to the only good piece of furniture he owns, a reproduction of an antique secretary, are toolboxes, books ranging from novels to instruction manuals to telephone directories, a typewriter, a set of fireplace tools and a carton of letters. Cowens never throws out anything, including his fan mail. There are other boxes of it in the attic of the pool house, along with about 70 sneakers he has received from shoe manufacturers. That would normally add up to 35 pairs, except that Cowens wears a size 15 right shoe and a size 16 left. The extras are, of course, evenly divided between 16 rights and 15 lefts. "I've given some of the leftovers to the Salvation Army," he says. "I told them, 'I hope you have some poor people with big feet.' "

The accumulation of objects is slight compared to the random tidbits of knowledge Cowens has acquired since joining the Celts. In the past three years, either by taking courses, signing up for lessons or otherwise just plunging headfirst into an area of interest, he has had brushes with vegetable gardening, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the effects of technology, the preparation of homemade soup, the Old Testament, archery, the electric chair, the reasons why people are cruel to animals, insurance, Arctic fishing, the bass violin, marketing and auto repair.

The last of these proved too much for his employers. A year and a half ago Cowens enrolled in a full-time mechanic's course at an ITT technical school, thinking it would be useful to have a second occupation. Since the team's road schedule forced him to miss many classes, he spent most of his off-hours in Boston at school making up for lost time. He regularly arrived at games and practices with grease splatters on his clothes and nicks on his hands from working on the 12-year-old, $50 Plymouth he had bought to perform his homework on. Heinsohn and Auerbach began to get the uneasy feeling that Cowens was paying too much attention to ITT and too little to the NBA. At their behest he dropped the course. The Plymouth went to a fire department, which uses it to practice extracting people from wrecks.

Cowens' current interest is house construction, and for light reading on a recent trip he took along a copy of *How to Build and Contract Your Own Home*. He plans to do precisely that this summer if his parents can locate a suitable piece of farmland near his hometown of Newport, Ky., and if he can round up his old buddies to help him.

The project is enticing to Cowens because he considers buildings, like farming and auto repair, a possible occupation after he quits basketball. It will also allow him to inexpensively move his mother and father, a barber who became a loan company manager with the advent of long hair, into a new custom-built house. And, best of all, it will bring him together with his oldest and best friends.

The "old buddies" are primarily a group of high school mates who work in jobs considerably less glamorous than Dave's. "I guess one or two of them are what you'd call unemployed," says Cowens. "But we don't talk much about what we do. Mostly we get together to tinker with cars or help a guy fix up his summer place. And drink beer some and talk about the good times."

Just as his basketball style requires unrestrained toughness, good times to Cowens occasionally take on a rough edge. One pastime he brought to the Celtics is called Butting Heads, a sport in which the contestants bonk their foreheads together until one of them gives up. "Cowens invented the game, and he's the champion," says Forward Don Nelson. "I can outbutt everyone but him. Dave's got one hard head. The other guys don't like to play much anymore, but sometimes we force 'em to."

Cowens, who admits to a quick temper, has at least once bopped people with things other than his head. In the summer of 1971 he was charged with slugging an FSU student outside a college hangout, and was assessed a $35 fine for assault and battery. "I suppose I should plead guilty because I hit the fellow," Cowens told the judge. This year he was sued for $1 million for allegedly striking a Cleveland bartender after a few beers and ouzos, and pulling out some of the man's hair. His teammates say the incident never occurred.

Cowens' highly emotional behavior has left many of his NBA rivals pulling their own hair. As Los Angeles General Manager Pete Newell says, "His most striking characteristic is that inner drive that allows him to exert all the talent he possesses on every play."

It is his reliance on this intensity that makes Cowens a miserable player in practice, where he has nothing to prove. At a recent session, while some of his teammates were scrimmaging and others were sharpening their shooting, Cowens was wandering around at midcourt attempting to throw chest passes over the scoreboard. In games, however, his psyche is in a violent world of its own. "You can hardly talk to him then," says Heinsohn. "I'm up to here during a game, but he's about two times higher. Sometimes I speak right at him during a time-out, and I know he's trying to listen, but he just doesn't hear."

Admits Cowens, "I've learned that every time we get up from the bench to resume the game to ask Havlicek what play we're going to run."

Cowens' emotional fuse blew during last year's playoffs against New York. The Celtics lost that series 4-1, and Cowens played well only in the victory. Heinsohn says he was simply "too high," and Cowens, taking more of the blame than he deserves, feels Boston failed because of his inexperience and overemotionality.

It is quite possible that the Celtics will meet the Knicks again in the next few weeks. Cowens now feels he knows how to react to the playoffs, how to control his emotional peaks. If so, this could be the final step in the Celtic rebirth, one that would result in another green-and-white championship banner being added to the 11 already hanging from the rafters of Boston Garden. For Dave Cowens, a white center but no White Center, the pros may have to invent a whole new category. END

SWEET 16

THE KISS OF DEATH



If you have watched the Masters on television, you must have seen the lovely 16th hole, its tee set back in the shadows of some tall pines, sunlight sparkling on the long lake that forms most of the fairway, the entire hole ringed with spectators. The 16th is not the most difficult par 3 at Augusta, but to a player who has fought his way into contention on Sunday afternoon that lake can resemble an ocean, while the traps that surround the green seem endless. The 16th, in short, can be lethal. Last year Photographer Jerry Cooke spent all four days of the tournament watching the action at 16, arriving at dawn, leaving at dusk, shooting the hole and its galleries from every angle, including from above by helicopter. The results are shown on the next four pages, after which, a look at one player who next week just might wind up wearing his first green jacket.

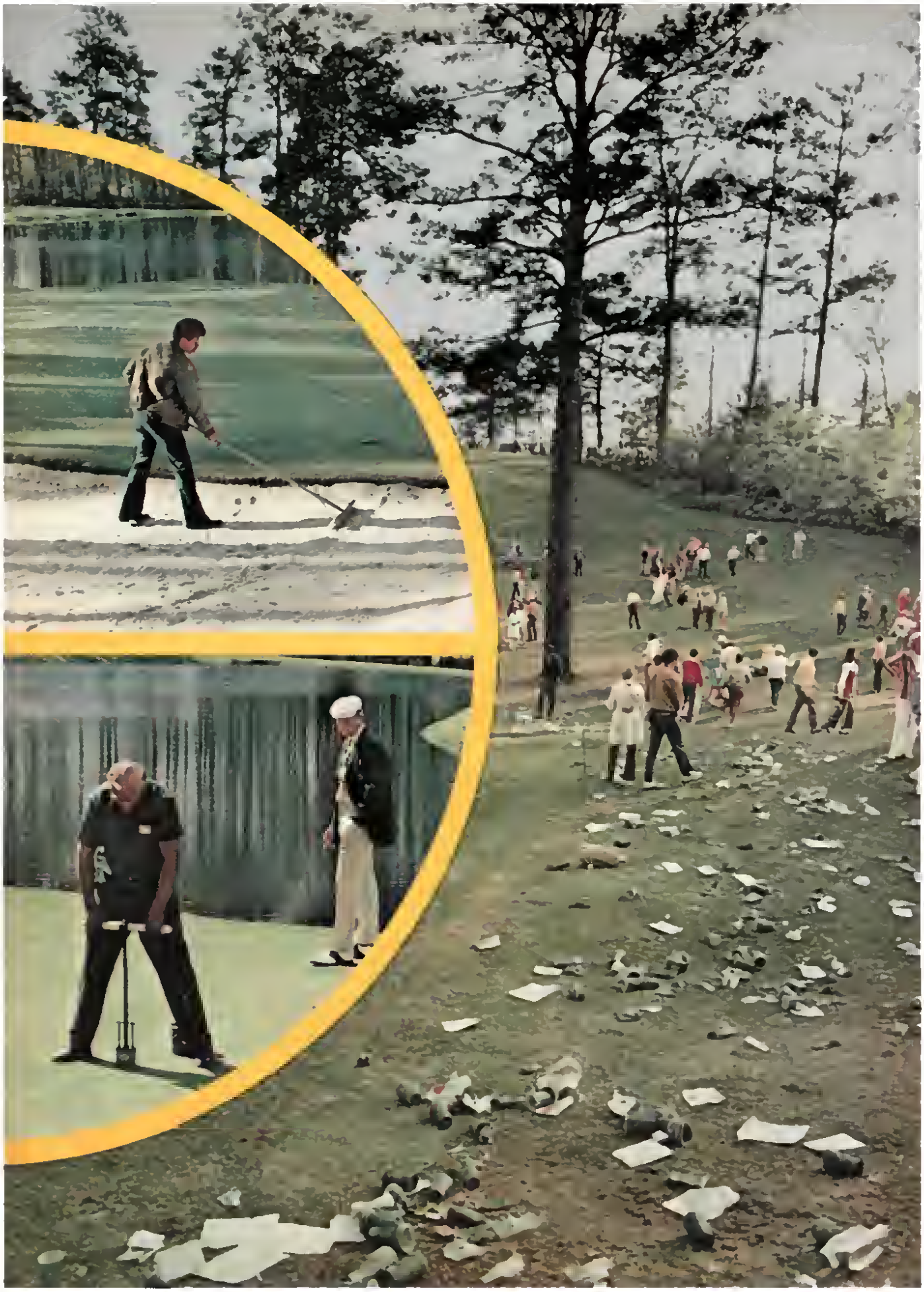
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE







The Masters is not noted for the youth of its galleries and, generally speaking, the 16th hole is no exception. But throughout the four days of the tournament one spot, a small slope directly behind the green, is a gathering place for Augusta's teen-agers, a sort of Fort Lauderdale without sand. Supplied with Cokes and sandwiches from a nearby refreshment stand, they settle down on blankets to catch the sun, chatter away, occasionally watch some golf and, incidentally, add as much color to the scene as the dogwood and azaleas.



IT KILLED HOGAN BUT GAVE LIFE TO PALMER

by SARAH PILEGGI

Soon after sunrise the traps get a smoothing and a new hole is cut. Many hours later, when the day's round is over and the spectators depart, still another task awaits Augusta's crew.

Masters fans are a burdened lot: burdened with binoculars that grow heavier as a hot spring day advances, with shooting sticks and folding chairs for when the hilly distances have taken their toll, with hats and sunglasses and pairing sheets and paper cups of melting ice and maybe a raincoat because "you never know about April in Augusta." Like a perambulating Abercrombie & Fitch they trudge miles uncomplainingly in the wakes of their favorites. Most of them know the course well, there being small turnover in ticket-holders from year to year, and accordingly they plan their golfing days around the course's major oases, those favored confluences of shade, refreshment and good spectating.

The perfect oasis, the place on the course that can transform even a Masters masochist into a sybarite, at least temporarily, is the glen that surrounds the 16th hole. Here, no matter how large the crowd, he can find an unobstructed spot to sink his shooting stick, have a beer and rest a while before climbing the long hill to the 18th green.

The rewards for those who have paused beside the 16th green have been startling in their variety. Young Englishman Clive Clark, playing his first Masters in 1968, made a hole in one at 16, yet finished his round at 81. Herman Barron set a record in 1950 when he hit his tee shot into the lake three times and holed out with an 11. "That's a record you can keep," he said.

Jack Nicklaus claims he lost the '64 Masters at 16 on a 12-foot birdie putt that failed to drop. It was Nicklaus who dropped, right down onto his then-chubby knees, as the ball slid by the cup. Gene Littler says he, too, lost a Masters there, to Billy Casper in 1970, when in the final round he pushed his tee shot into a bunker and made a bogey 4. That led to a playoff, and the playoff led Casper straight into the sleeves of the champion's green coat.

"Sixteen is a 3 par where you can score a 4 or 5 so quick it would make your head swim," says Miller Barber. Statistically it is the second hardest to birdie of the four par-3 holes. Once 150 yards long, it was remodeled in 1947 by architect Robert Trent Jones to 190 yards, and takes anything from a four- to an eight-iron. The water guards the front and left of the green but rarely comes into play, Herman Barron to the contrary. More hazardous are the three bunkers, one on the left and two on the right, and the pin placements. The most difficult pin, according to the players, is the one set in the back right-hand corner. "If you hit the trap back there, you have no room to work with," says Dave Hill.

Time after time the 16th hole has proved the turning point on the final day of the tournament. Leaders who were mentally preparing their acceptance speeches have relaxed for a fatal moment while pursuers have watched helplessly as the tee shot that should have turned the tide buried itself in a bunker. Ben Hogan hit just such a shot in the most dramatic round of golf Augusta has ever seen.

It was 1942 and the Masters, in only its ninth year, had already matured to an importance second only to the U.S. Open. Hogan and Byron Nelson had finished play on Sunday tied at 280, and almost every golfer in the tournament stayed an extra day to witness the playoff on Monday. There is no record of Hogan's preparation for the match but Nelson, as was his habit in those days, spent the night and early morning hours throwing up. He approached the first tee that spring morning looking paler and skinnier than usual, and his drive, far right, was the worst of his life. He had to backhand his second shot from the base of a tree and hit over the green with his third. When he reached the 2nd tee Nelson was already two strokes down. After the 4th he was three.

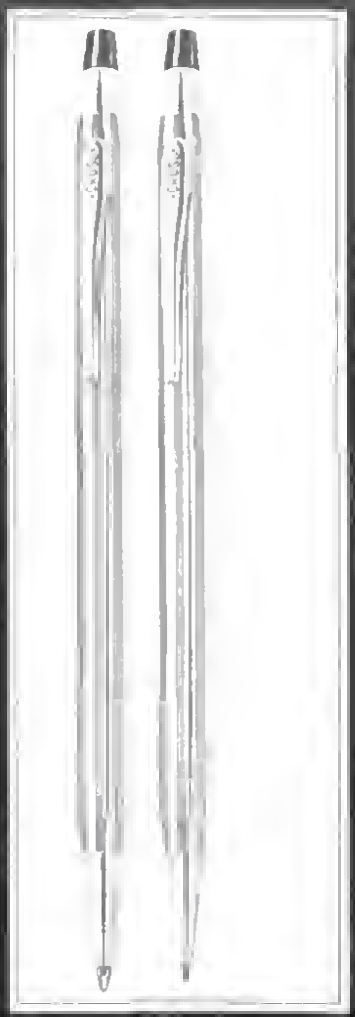
Then Nelson, feeling better, began a remarkable comeback. Hogan played the 6th through 13th in even par, yet lost six strokes to Nelson, who went birdie, par, eagle, par, par, birdie, birdie, birdie. Now Nelson was three ahead. At 14, though, it was Hogan's turn. Two straight birdies brought him to the 16th tee only one stroke back of Nelson, and the gallery knew it was getting more than just a good match. Hogan was hot and there were three holes to go.

No one, however, not even a Hogan, can count on a birdie at 16, and Hogan didn't even make par. His tee shot caught a bunker and he took three to get down. That was it. Nelson's two-stroke lead was enough to allow him a cautious bogey on 18 for a 69–70 win.

It was 16 that also finished Ben in another playoff, against Sam Snead in 1954. A one-stroke lead had flown back and

continued

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forth between the two throughout the match as Hogan strode the fairways, chain-smoking and silent, and Snead joked with the crowd. By 16 it was Snead who was a stroke ahead. Fourteen thousand people were there to watch Hogan take three putts on the 16th's sloping green and seal himself off from a victory that would have made him the Masters' first back-to-back winner.

By 1962 Arnold Palmer was at the very peak of his game. He had already won the Masters twice, and through the third round on Saturday, with a two-stroke lead over his pal Dow Finsterwald, he seemed about to do it again. With his 70-66-69, all he needed on Sunday was a good, solid 68 to beat Hogan's nine-year-old scoring record of 274. But nothing went right. Through 15 holes Palmer erred and scrambled and erred, including leaving his tee shot at the 220-yard, par-3 4th hole about 90 yards short of the green. The Army was in despair watching Arnie heading for a 77 and oblivion. Finsterwald was already in with a 73 for 280 and the lead, while Gary Player, paired with Palmer, had only to par in to tie Finsterwald.

Palmer stood on the 16th tee in the late afternoon sun needing two birdies to catch Finsterwald and Player, assuming Gary made no birdies of his own. The five-iron shot soared up over the water and landed off the right edge of the green, 45 feet across the rolling surface from a birdie or even a par. If it had been anyone else, some of the thousands of spectators who ringed the little blue lake might have begun drifting off toward the parking lots, but in those days nobody gave up on Palmer, least of all Palmer himself. He looked it over, drew out a wedge and then, ever so gingerly, stroked the shot of his life. The ball came to rest between the pin and the edge of the cup for a birdie 2, and suddenly he was only one shot behind with two holes to go. Palmer got his tying birdie with a 12-foot putt at 17, played a conservative par at 18 and won the three-way playoff the next day by three strokes after yet another magnificent charge.

The 16th became the stage for one of the Masters' minor tragedies on Sunday in 1969. Billy Casper had led for three days, but he made it anybody's tournament on Sunday with five bogeys in the first 10 holes. After that the scramble was on among Casper, Charles Coody, George Archer, George Knudson and Tom Weiskopf, and when Coody reached the 16th tee he was leading by a stroke. Nervously he grasped his five-iron with his left hand, twisted his cap, plucked his sleeve, tugged at his pants leg with his right and, thus adjusted, hooked his tee shot into a bunker. The result was a bogey at 16 followed by another at 17 and another at 18. So Archer made the record books, Coody became a footnote.

"I really don't feel like I choked," said Coody. "I just remember holding a five-iron in my hand and wishing I could make myself hit a six."

Two years later 23-year-old John Miller found himself in almost the same spot Coody had been—he was nine under with a two-stroke lead on the 16th tee. The Sunday gallery at 16 was ecstatic at the prospect of being witness to the birth of golf's next superstar, the youngest champion since Nicklaus. But young John, thinking how he would look in the green coat even though he had just missed an important birdie on 15 doing the same thing, went for the pin in the right-hand back corner with his six-iron instead of playing the percentage shot to the center of the green. The ball landed in a bunker on the right, and he finished with a bogey when his putt for par hit the cup and spun out.

Miller's stardom was postponed a while, but, happily for those fans with historical perspective, it was Charlie Coody who was the beneficiary this time. Coody arrived at the 16th tied with Miller for the lead. Ignoring the pressure of Jack Nicklaus pushing from behind and the memory of those miserable last three holes in '69, Coody twisted and plucked and tugged and hit a fine six-iron 15 feet from the pin, then sank that birdie with the aplomb of a master of his craft.

A golf tournament, looked at one way, is a cumulative thing, and in a cumulative sense Charles Coody won the Masters that year on the par 5s. He played them in 11 under par, which was two strokes better than Miller, and five better than Nicklaus. But a golf tournament like the Masters is also a drama, and the 16th hole is a natural stage for a climactic scene. Ask any fan who was lucky enough to watch Coody there in '71 or Palmer in '62 or Hogan in '42, and he is going to remember first and best those moments of crushing suspense and dizzying resolution.

CONTINUED



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Few things in life work as well as a Volkswagen.



TALL TOM WILL COME OUT SWINGING

Sure, Jack Nicklaus is a favorite to win his fifth Masters title, but he may get a fight from his friend Weiskopf, who is equal parts temper and talent and can display stunning quantities of both in the same round by DAN JENKINS

The grand image of the Masters, as most everybody knows, is that of a lot of genteel folk shuffling about all week being concerned about the bloom of the dogwood until late Sunday afternoon when Jack Nicklaus wins again. Nicklaus either wins or he almost wins or he would have won if something rococo had not happened—like Jack's four-iron turning into a kitchen mop or like, say, Charles Coody. But Nicklaus wins anyhow, even when he does not get the green coat, because he owns the people now and the tournament in the same way that Arnold Palmer used to. So that's it for the 1973 Masters. End of story.

Well, maybe not. Here's a fantasy. It is the final Sunday again and the dogwood is doing fine, along with the wisteria and the azaleas. So is Nicklaus. He has lapped most of the field. His hair is golden and fluffy and he is smiling because people are falling off the leader boards like Shriners off a hotel mezzanine. Palmer's jet has already flown over, heading back to Latrobe. Bert Yancey is shooting 61, but he started too far back. It looks as if the amateur Ben Crenshaw, who is only 12 years old, will finish second. Bruce Crampton has been disqualified for sawing the legs off a television tower. Johnny Miller has withdrawn to pose for some ads and take a screen test. Gay Brewer has been called in by the FBI to have his graphite shafts examined. It is all over. All Nicklaus has to do is play even bogey from the 15th in, and—wait a second. What's this? Why are they putting Tom Weiskopf's name up on the boards? Didn't Weiskopf get thrown out of the tournament on Friday for saying "Jesus Christ Superstar" in front of Joe Dey?

But they are putting Weiskopf's name up, just the same. He did what? Is that confirmed? Fantastic. Tom Weiskopf, despite a penalty for filling Bob Goalby's golf bag with bunker sand and another for intentionally trampling a bed of yellow jasmine, has snatched the lead from Nicklaus. He has just played Amen Corner in 2-2-1-3: eagle, eagle, ace, eagle. Tom drove the 470-yard 10th and one-putted, drove the 445-yard 11th and one-putted, holed out a sand wedge at the 155-yard 12th and hit a driver, a nine-iron and a two-inch putt at the 475-yard 13th.

Actually, it isn't surprising. We have always known Weiskopf had the length and the desire if he could just control his temper. And now, he is doing it. Pretty much, anyhow. Weiskopf plays on in and wins, shooting the back nine in 22, thereby overcoming a somewhat sloppy front side in which he drew four more penalty strokes for stepping on Goalby's ball and unwittingly shoving his wife Jeanne, whom he failed to recognize, over the precipice of the 6th tee for saying "Hi."

As the fantasy ends, Nicklaus ceremoniously slips the winner's green coat on Weiskopf, who in turn says, "You've had it in golf, Jack. Good luck in the real-estate business." And with that Tom produces a submachine gun and riddles half the people on the veranda, remarking, "Hope I got a few writers with that volley."

In terms of real images, not dreams, it is difficult to think of a fiery, restless, sometimes pouting Tom Weiskopf being a suitable winner for the tranquil, stately, aristocratic Masters. It is like contemplating Lee Trevino presiding over a session of Parliament. And yet, if you want to deal in statistics and whatever may be hidden there, Tom Weiskopf on past performance at Augusta as well as on his imposing talents looms—sometimes he lurks but mainly he looms—as A Very Serious and Distinct Masters Possibility.

The trouble with Weiskopf is that he tends to loom more than win. He has been looming as the next Nicklaus for six years now and he is still searching for his first major championship. On the other hand, evidence continues to mount that Weiskopf is more than ready, particularly at Augusta, a course that is perfectly tailored for his long, high tee shots—he is longer than Nicklaus—and his splendid all-round game. Ready, of course, if he is not angry or distracted.

Statistic: In the last five Masters (which constitute Weiskopf's Augusta history) he has shot 11 subpar rounds out of the 20 played. Only Nicklaus has more. One more.

Statistic: Weiskopf's stroke average for the five tournaments is 71.6, second only to Nicklaus.

Statistic: Weiskopf has twice tied for second in the Masters, including last year, he has never been out of the top 24; and he has yet to shoot a competitive round of worse than 74.

Statistic: Weiskopf smiled 47 times last month and signed 102 autographs.

What follows now is a candid interview with one of the most gifted players in golf who is, at the same time, one

continued

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER IOOSS JR

of the most puzzling, with a man who is either going to win this Masters or another very soon; with the only player on the tour today who has the obvious capability of joining Nicklaus and Trevino at the top, with a thoroughly honest athlete. As we listen in, a friend speaks:

FRIEND: You're 30 years old, but Nicklaus says you're only 23 in playing experience and maturity.

WEISKOPF: He's right. I never played much amateur golf outside of Cleveland. Before I turned pro, I'd never been anywhere. As for my temper, it's not as bad as it used to be. It just makes me so mad not to do what I know I can do.

FRIEND: Like beat Nicklaus.

WEISKOPF: Like beat everybody.

FRIEND: Do you really believe that?

WEISKOPF: Damn right. The only thing wrong with my game is my head. I get distracted. I get mad. But at least I know it. And I'm getting better. I don't bogey three straight holes anymore after a bad shot. Also, I've gone back to work on my game.

FRIEND: You weren't working?

WEISKOPF: I'd gotten lazy for two years. I found out I could make a lot of money without working at it, so I quit working. I really did. But I woke up last year and said, "Tom, you've got a chance to be a really great player and you're stupid not to take advantage of your ability." I'm working on everything. Not just my game but my moods.

FRIEND: Are you still learning shots?

WEISKOPF: All the time. You know how dumb I was? I went about eight years without knowing how to hit an iron out of the rough. I shanked a lot. I wasn't aiming left of the target and taking it back outside. Jack told me one day.

FRIEND: What made you think you could make it on the tour if you'd never had any real competitive experience?

WEISKOPF: I went to the U.S. Open at Congressional in 1964. It was the first tournament I'd ever seen. And the first two guys I saw were Terry Dill and Bob Rosburg on the tee. I watched Terry take this big wild cut at it and I saw Bob stand up to it the way he does. I said to a friend, "How much money do they make?" And I knew I could do it.

FRIEND: Does your image bother you? Do you think you are misunderstood?

WEISKOPF: I wish everybody knew that no matter what the expression on my face is, I'm not mad at anybody but myself.

FRIEND: You have been fined a few times for using profanity.

WEISKOPF: Isn't that something? Boy, what kind of a person is it who doesn't have anything else to do but tell the PGA that a golfer cusses? That really gets me. Sure I cuss sometimes. I get mad. I guess if I'm around anybody from the PGA, though, I'd better say, "Jesus Christ Superstar." I'll try to remember to say that the next time I hit a perfect three-wood that ought to wind up about three feet from the hole but bounces over the green instead.

FRIEND: Did you tell Joe Dey last summer that even if you made the Ryder Cup team this year you wouldn't play?

WEISKOPF: Yeah.

FRIEND: Nobody turns down the Ryder Cup team. Joe said you told him you couldn't play because you wanted to go to Alaska and hunt some kind of goat instead.

WEISKOPF: I said that.

FRIEND: Were you serious?

WEISKOPF: No, I just said it. What happened was, two years ago I would have won the Vardon Trophy and made the Ryder Cup team if it hadn't been for something that wasn't my fault. Through the oversight of another guy who forgot to sign a form for me and mail it in on time, I missed becoming a PGA member by five days. So I was ineligible, even though everybody admitted it wasn't my fault.

FRIEND: That doesn't seem right.

WEISKOPF: Well, nobody corrected it. The guy just let my application sit on his desk until the deadline passed, so I blew the Vardon and Ryder Cup.

FRIEND: So you told Joe you would rather hunt a goat than play on the Ryder Cup team? Pretty funny. And you weren't hot at all?

WEISKOPF: I was really hot. But of course I'd play on the Ryder Cup team if I made it. It'd be a great honor.

FRIEND: So you have forgotten about the incident, right?

WEISKOPF: Maybe. That's one of my troubles. I have a hard time getting things out of my mind. I know we've got a good deal out here on the tour. It's fantastic. The money and all. But when I start playing bad, I start blaming everything: having to go in the Army when I was playing super in 1968; not having any money when I was growing up; not getting enough experience; the PGA. Dumb things in my mind that come back to me after a bad shot or a bad round. I used to start thinking that I could really live up to the predictions about me if I'd only been lucky. But I know I am lucky. I'm lucky to be in the business I'm in and have the ability I have. I've got a great wife and family. I've got the game. I'm just about ready to prove it.

FRIEND: Is the wife that important?

WEISKOPF: I think so. There are a lot of great wives on the tour and there are some that aren't. Jeanne is great and she understands me. There are some, though, that if I was married to them, well . . . I'd quit golf. Or marriage.

FRIEND: Do you honestly believe you can beat anybody, or is that talk?

WEISKOPF: Confidence is half the game, but I don't want it to sound like bragging. I haven't won a major championship yet, I just know I can. Most of the tournaments I've won, I've won against the best. I beat Jack in the stretch at Inverrary last year and Trevino in the World Match Play final. In 1971 I won at Philadelphia with Jack on my heels, and I won Kemper in a playoff with Trevino. Of course, they've beaten me 9,000 times, but this proves they don't always have to beat me. Jack keeps saying I've got everything it takes, and that means a lot to me. I keep going back to what everybody says. I'm slow maturing, but I *know* it.

FRIEND: It would seem that Augusta is your best shot at a big one.

WEISKOPF: That course is made for me. I can reach all four of the par 5s in two easily, and I've played the best golf of my life there. Four years ago I shot four straight subpar rounds and lost by a stroke. I always feel like I can take it apart. I love the place. I've been close three times, and that means I can win.

FRIEND: Would you play better if it were you and Jack, or you and Lee, or you and Arnold or Gary?

WEISKOPF: Every time. The big names really make me try. I just love to beat 'em, or try to. Like I've said before, Jack is a good friend and he's the greatest there ever was, but I'd love to be the guy who knocked him out of a Grand Slam. I can't think of anything more fun than if Jack won the Masters, the Open, the British Open and looked like he was going to win the PGA, but here I came with everybody rooting against

continued

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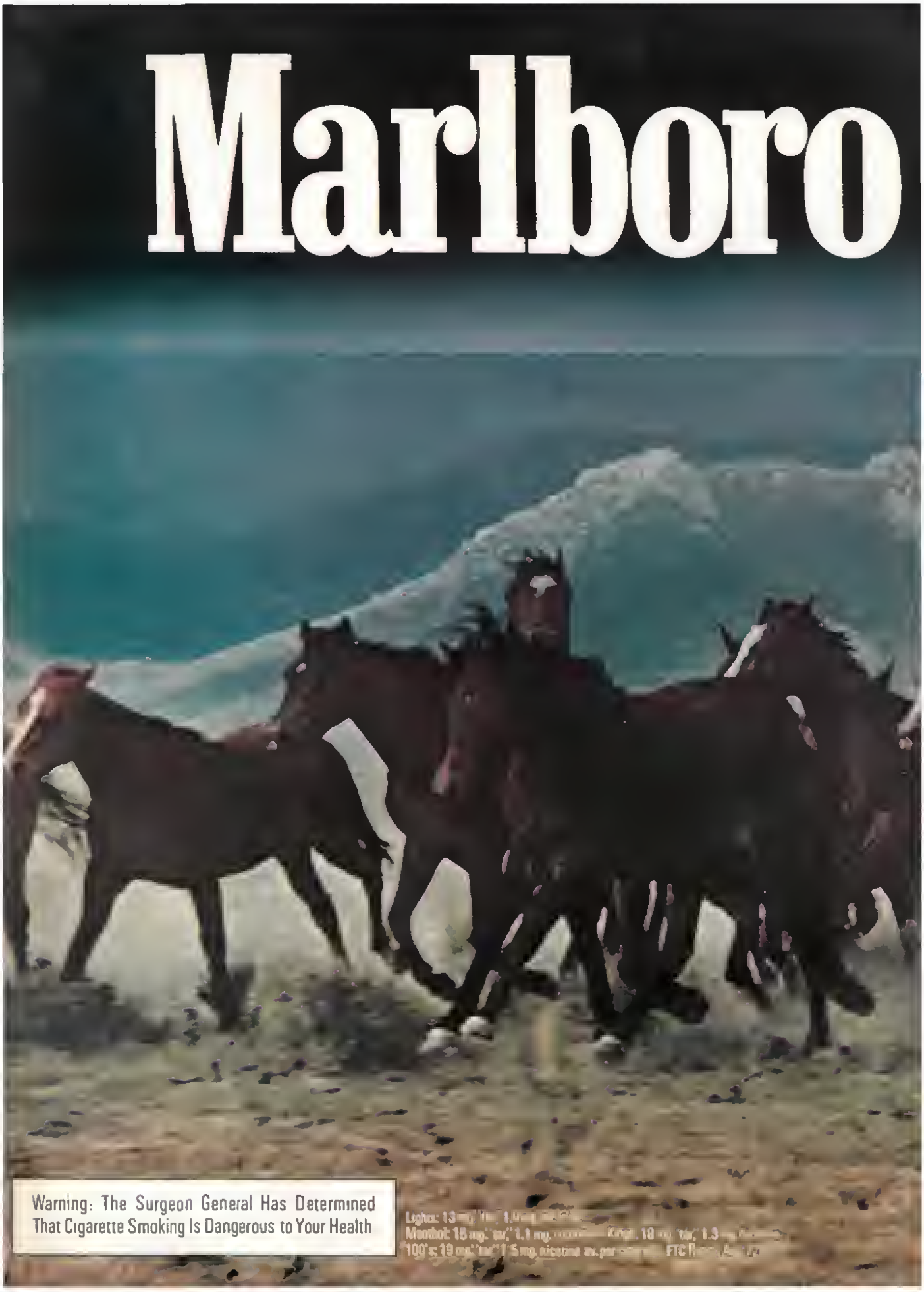
"It's not an easy decision," Will admits. "But it's always a rewarding one. There is something satisfying about doing work that demands you settle for nothing less than the best there is."



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me and I beat him out of the Grand Slam by a stroke.

FRIEND: That's evil.

WEISKOPF: I'd just say, "Eat your heart out, Jack. You've got 15 or 16 major championships, but now I've got one, and I'm coming after you."

FRIEND: The writers would not exactly adore you for ruining the Slam.

WEISKOPF: I don't know what it is with some of the press. I try to get along. Guess I'm poor at remembering names.

FRIEND: Bob Green covers the tour for the AP every week, and he has been out here for three or four years, and he says you don't know him.

WEISKOPF: Which one's Bob Green?

FRIEND: What happened between you and Bob Goalby at San Diego? Do you get into many scenes like that with other players?

WEISKOPF: I don't get into anything with anybody. I think I've got a lot of good friends on the tour. Jacklin, Yancey, R. H. Sikes, Jamieson, Ed Sneed, Nicklaus. I like everybody. But I guess my face looks like I don't sometimes. Goalby got mad because I didn't say hello to him. I was at my locker reading something and he walked by and said hello, and I didn't say anything. He turned on me. I said, "Jesus Christ [Superstar], Bob, if we all said hello to everybody who says hello, none of us would have time to play golf." He really got mad. I shouted back at him. That's how we left it. But I say hello a lot now. I didn't know so many people got their feelings hurt so easily.

FRIEND: Are you going to win the Masters?

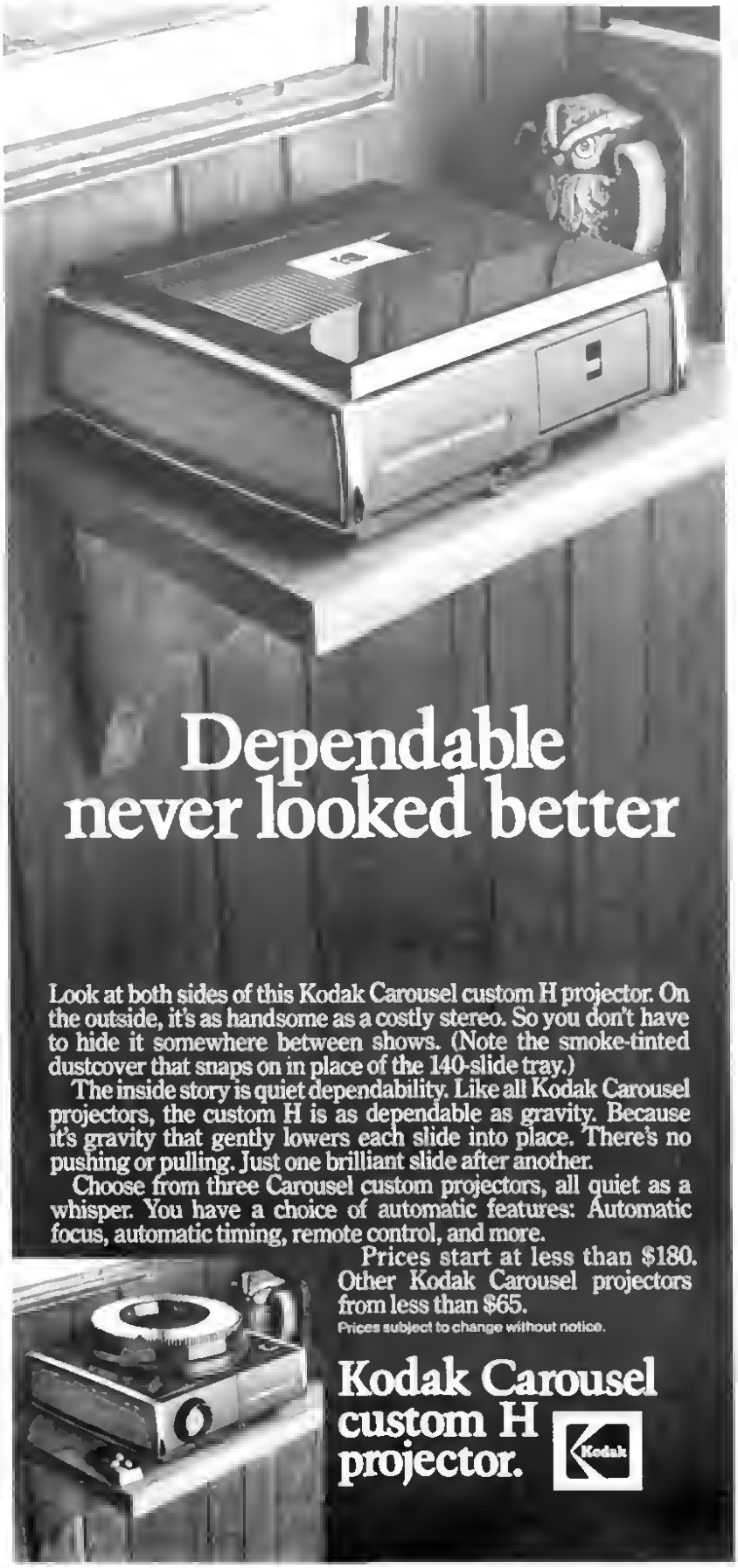
WEISKOPF: I've got as good a chance as anybody, and a better chance than most.

FRIEND: One of the game's immortals whose name we will not mention says you won't ever make it because of the way you walk. He says you walk with your feet pointed out, slew-footed, down the fairway, which is a tip-off on your inner character and concentration. Great players all walk businesslike with their feet pointed straight ahead, he says.

WEISKOPF: Are you joking?

FRIEND: That's what he says. Jack walks that way, and Arnold Hogan did. Trevino does. You don't.

WEISKOPF: Jesus Christ [Superstar], as if I don't have enough to think about, now I've got to go to Augusta and work on my feet. END



For sale Holstein and Guernsey herd, farm equipment and two bushels of golf balls 562-5307.

There is a story, as one might suspect, behind the classified ad that appeared in the Lincoln (Ontario) *Post-Express* **Walter Pulchinski** owns a nice little 50-acre farm near Lincoln He used to own 35 cows, too, but had to give up the dairy business His cows kept eating golf balls Walter's farm is bounded on two sides by the Twenty Valley Golf and Country Club, which happens to have a particularly troublesome 10th hole, a 525-yard par-5 with the tee in a valley and a creek 125 yards out As club Pro George Louth says, "It's uphill and you have to get over that creek, so there's lots of duck hooks." Most of the duck hooks wound up at the feet of Walter's grazing cattle, which took a liking to ruminating on elastic, rubber and glue after spitting out the untasty covers. But even with four stomachs, a cow can't take a steady diet of golf balls Milk production dropped by half and 17 calves died before Pulchinski figured out what was happening. The story has a happy ending, though Pulchinski agreed with the club that the 10th is a problem hole; he's shanked many a drive there himself and once nearly zonked one of his own cows The club agreed to pay $90 per calf, $35 for the vet and $35 for cow medicine. Walter sold his herd—but found no market for the uneaten golf balls.





• When snow fell in Akron while **Evonne Goolagong** was competing in a tennis match there, she just had to touch some of it And taste it Born and raised in New South Wales, Australia, Miss Goolagong had never seen anything like it outside a sherbet dish. She wasn't entirely sure she liked it.

On a trip to Alaska to help save the Arctic wolves, **Anne Morton**, wife of Interior Secretary **Rogers Morton**, was endangered by—a pack of canines. Her dog team ran off without a driver, dragging Mrs Morton for two miles before dumping her into 10-foot snowdrifts. None of the wolf savers even noticed she was missing until other sleds carrying Interior Department personnel happened upon her floundering in the snow

◆ When a collection of racing drivers got a chance to compete in cricket, golf and Frisbee, it was **Jackie Stewart** who showed the best form at the wicket. But interestingly, a group of British practitioners of other sports stepped into the driver's seat recently and staged an auto race. **Chay Blyth**—a celebrity in that quietest of all sports, long-distance solo sailing—won by ⅘ths of a second

Until recently **Ed Rooney**, basketball coach and math teacher at Grant High School in Portland, Ore., thought his wife was deft with the family budget The Rooneys have nine children, yet Ed Rooney didn't seem to have to pony up a fortune for groceries Then a Portland newspaper let out Mrs Rooney's secret by picturing her at a market buying horsemeat. The nine little Rooneys knew they were growing up on horsemeat, but that fact had been kept secret from Rooney *pere* "My wife kept evading me when I asked for the front page of the paper," Rooney says, "When I got it, I kept a tight rein on myself The more I thought about it, the less I thought about it" Since the story came out, some of his students have been riding Rooney. "They call me the Galloping Gourmet and ask if I stamp my foot to count," he reports "I tell them it's possible to ride a good thing to death" Meanwhile, the Portland Meadows track formally renamed a race. It was called "The Ed Rooney Steaks"

Appelez-Moi Lise, the current hit TV show in Montreal, stars **Lise Payette**, a sports enthusiast with a lusty sense of humor For one of her recent shows she replaced Canadien **Ken Dryden** as goalie in a practice session and made several "saves" against Center **Jacques Lemaire**. Hockey got even in the person of Defenseman **Guy Lapointe**, a later guest. When he walked in camera he gave Lise the traditional handshake, and a look of consternation slowly spread over her face She glanced down at her right hand, then exploded into laughter. Lapointe had smeared goo onto his palm before entering the studio Low humor but high stick, so to speak

Normally the Medal for Service to Finnish Sports goes to outstanding athletes, logically enough This year, however, the Finnish Olympic Committee picked a Japanese taxicab driver, one **Suburo (Pekka) Takaruda**, who was kind to them during the Tokyo Olympics in 1964 Takarada got a free trip to Helsinki to receive the award and to meet Finland's President Dr Urho Kekkonen The award in a way is reminiscent of a similar one Boston sportswriters wanted to give to a cabby who ran over Casey Stengel That was in 1943 when Ol' Case was managing the Boston Braves to another of their usual hopeless low finishes



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Did you ever wake up in the morning and not know what day it was?



Panasonic

Shecky learns a new routine

A fast 3-year-old named after a comedian has been having the last laughs at tracks down in Florida



ROUNDING FIRST TURN IN FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH, SHECKY GREENE LIES SECOND

One of the appealing aspects of each racing year is the sudden emergence of a "non-Establishment" 3-year-old who poses at least a momentary threat to such gilt-edged Kentucky Derby candidates as, for instance, this year's Secretariat. A dozen years ago a wisecracking ex-bookmaker named Jack Price produced from a sire and dam named, of all things, Saggy and Joppy, a national hero (and Derby winner) which he called Carry Back. Ten years later the Cinderella horse was Canonero II, who had the nerve—and courage—to jump up and beat the likes of Jim French, Eastern Fleet and Unconscious in one of the most exciting Derbies ever.

This spring there are not one but two unlikely colts running the legs off just about everything they have come up against. They belong to a couple of non-Establishment guys named Hellman and Kellman. In California this week Neil Hellman's Linda's Chief will probably go off as favorite in the nine-furlong Santa Anita Derby. At Florida's Gulfstream Park last week Joe Kellman, a 53-year-old Chicago glass manufacturer whose fright wig white hair gives him the look of a chap who has just been yanked out of the electric chair in the nick of time, watched nervously as his 3-year-old, Shecky Greene, galloped to his fourth straight victory of the year in the Fountain of Youth Stakes. Neither Hellman nor Kellman is in the least optimistic about seeing his colt come down in front at Churchill Downs on May 5. In fact, both owners and their respective trainers are realistic enough to consider passing up the Derby on the grounds that top sprinters will never win any Kentucky Derby—and certainly not one in which the opposition includes Secretariat.

Be that as it may, nobody is having more fun in racing this spring than Joe Kellman, who once fancied himself a boxing promoter and who has always prided himself on being a close friend of some of the country's leading comedians. Hence the name of Shecky Greene, a bay son of Australia's former Horse of the Year Noholme II and the hitherto lightly regarded mare Lester's Pride. "I'm so happy," said Kellman after accepting his trophy at Gulfstream, "because I don't deserve any great success in racing. I didn't invest millions into the game like all those big names. I got in it for peanuts, and no matter if Shecky Greene ever wins another race, I'll always know I've had a real runner."

Although the Joe Kellman success story is guaranteed never to push the achievements of Paul Mellon into the back pages of turf history, it is a happy enough tale. It began in 1961 when Trainer P. G. (Phil) Johnson, then racing at Chicago's Arlington Park, persuaded rookie turf enthusiast Kellman to claim the 4-year-old filly Lester's Pride for $10,000 from the prestigious Ada L. Rice stable. For $5,000 each, Kellman and his dentist, Dr. Charles Salk, acquired the filly. Later, when the doctor realized that the air circulating through Arlington Park wasn't laughing gas, and why on earth was he putting out $5,000 for half a beast that had won but three races (and $9,670) in 19 starts, he sold his half interest back to Kellman. Kellman soon decided that if Lester's Pride had any future at all it would have to be in the breeding shed rather than on the racetrack.

What happened was straight fairy tale: Lester's Pride went about her business and produced seven foals—six of them in successive years—and all seven won races and three of them were stakes winners. There was a chestnut colt named The Hack (for comic Buddy Hackett), who won $43,120. Then came Phil Foster, who won a stakes and $59,766. Then Ricky's Marge (named for Kellman's son and wife), a filly who won only $6,975. After that Ivy Hackett (for Buddy's daughter), a winner of $40,688, and Dr. C. Salk (for the disenchanted dentist), who won $39,122. Then the $57,260 winner Pat Henry and, finally, Shecky Greene, who has won eight of his 11 races and $194,627. This season Shecky has set a Hialeah track record of 1:08$^{3}_{5}$ for six furlongs and equaled Eastern Fleet's seven-furlong track record of 1:20$^{4}_{5}$ as he won the Hutcheson Stakes at Gulfstream. As a 2-year-old he won four of seven starts and after four straight wins Kellman and his trainer, 47-year-old Lou Goldfine, took Shecky to Belmont and Churchill Downs for a crack at the big boys. In two unspectacular

continued



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races they learned mainly that their horse was not ready for anything beyond seven furlongs.

This winter, however, Goldfine and Jockey Braulio Baeza have improved Shecky Greene's rating abilities. Even so, Goldfine was skeptical about his horse making good against the more experienced colts he would be facing in the Fountain of Youth. One of them, also trained by Goldfine, was My Gallant, an unlucky second to Our Native in the Flamingo and exactly the sort of colt (by Gallant Man out of the Nashua mare Predate) one would expect to improve over the longer distances. "I don't personally think that Shecky can go around two turns," said Goldfine before the race. "He's not a natural distance horse, and even if he wins at a mile and a sixteenth, that's probably about as far as he'll ever make it."

Well, Shecky did make it—but just barely. On a slow and tiring track Baeza was content to let long shot Leo's Pisces open up three lengths over his five rivals while he snugged Shecky Greene neatly into second place. Turning for home he rapped Shecky a couple of times and went on to win by a length in 1 43⅘. Some of those behind him, like Twice a Prince and My Gallant, were going to overhaul him in a few more strides, while the last two to finish, Everglades winner Restless Jet and Bahamas winner Royal and Regal, showed a clear dislike for the sticky going. How much farther could Shecky have gone and still won, Baeza was asked. "About another yard," he said.

Joe Kellman is happy enough about Shecky Greene, the horse. The man is another matter, however. Kellman once offered the comedian 10% of the horse. What ensued was such a violent disagreement over just what this meant in terms of earnings, taxes, etc. that the two sometime-buddies are currently in splitsville. According to Kellman the fault is Greene's. Kellman has been heard muttering lines like "He was offered $10,000 for nothing, and wanted $40,000," or "You give a guy a suit, you don't expect him to ask for an overcoat, too." In more mellow moods, however, he says, "Sheeky's a sweetheart. He's beautiful. We've got a feud going now, but it won't last forever. All it would take would be one phone call from him to apologize to me, and we'll be friends again." **END**


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A hero finds there's no one for Tenace

After Oakland's Gene Tenace hit those four home runs in the World Series to beat Cincinnati, he looked forward to celebrity atatua—endoraements, talk shows and banquats. But, alas, his phone never rang

If it is true that an ordinary man's life is transformed by great events, then there is no accounting for Gene Tenace. As some few still recall, he is that ordinary chap who hit all those home runs for Oakland in last year's World Series and tasted briefly of the golden nectar of fame. Alas, it was but a sip: Tenace now finds himself to be a wistful soulmate of the George S. Kaufman contemporary who, according to the playwright, was "forgotten but not gone."

It is a sad commentary on society's ephemeral attention span that a hero of Tenace's melodramatic potential should not be clasped to the national hosom. Consider the World Series scenario.

Tenace spends three-quarters of the season where he has spent much of his four-year major league career—on the bench. He does not become the A's regular catcher until late August and finishes the season with only five home runs and a batting average of .225. In the playoff series with Detroit he goes one for 17 and nearly blows the works by dropping a douhle-play hall while filling in at second base in the fourth game. But his one hit scores the winning run in the final game. Oakland is the American League champion.

Now for the World Series against Cincinnati. In his first at bat Tenace hits a home run tying a Series record. In his second at bat he hits another, breaking the Series record. He hits two more homers before the Series is over, tying a record held by Babe Ruth, Duke Snider and Hank Bauer. His Series slugging percentage of .913 breaks the old record of .900 held by the Babe himself. The A's are world champions. Tenace is named the Series' Most Valuahle Player. He is even the target of a death threat which was made unbeknownst to him before the sixth game. That makes him a celebrity for sure.

But not for long. In this age of instant stardom, fame is more fleeting than ever. Tenace had expected to be overwhelmed with requests to endorse underwear or soft drinks, to plug deodorant on the tube and to favor the talk shows with his homey Midwestern presence. There would be Tenace bantering easily with Cavett, breaking up Carson and McMahon with hilarious basehall anecdotes, perhaps even discoursing on the conservative political outlook of Lucasville, Ohio with William F. Buckley Jr.

"Every time I turned on the television, I expected to see us on it," said Tenace's bouncy blonde wife Linda. But no. The Tenaces remained all alone by the telephone.

"No one ever called," said he. "Not even in Oakland. And it wasn't just me who was left out. None of the A's got asked to do much of anything. Here we are the world champs and no one pays attention. I don't know, maybe the people in Oakland don't deserve a champion. I know I expected more. Carson's only down there in

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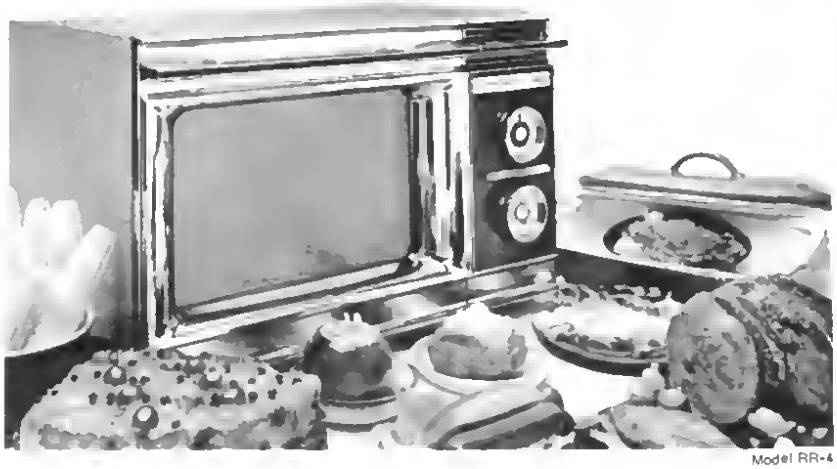


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Los Angeles. I would love to have been on his show."

Tenace did appear at about a dozen banquets, including the supposedly prestigious New York Baseball Writers' Association dinner, where he received the Babe Ruth Award as the star of the Series. But his principal off-season occupation was preaching ecology as "sports adviser" for the McCulloch Corporation.

Tenace was neither appreciably enriched nor ennobled by his triumphant Series, but he nevertheless retained the feeling that his future as an A's regular was secure.

"I won't live on what I did in the Series," he says hopefully, "but that one week did get me a regular job. I know now I'll be playing every day someplace."

But with an owner like Charles O. Finley, who regards a day in which one of his players has not been traded as time misspent, and with a manager like Dick Williams, who makes more substitutions than the Democratic Party, Tenace may have lulled himself into a feeling of false security.

Not that he is unfamiliar with insecurity. For much of his career he has been a player without a position, a rootless condition that would challenge the inner calm of a Buddhist monk. He was a shortstop at Valley Local High School in Lucasville and an outfielder in his first professional season, with Shelby of the Western Carolina League. As a minor-leaguer, in fact, he played all nine positions. He was not wholly converted to catching until his third season, in 1967, a decision, he argues, that "turned my life around."

Tenace was, and still is, extraordinarily conscientious about learning the catching business, but his bat has always been his primary asset in the eyes of the A's hierarchy. After hitting .319 for Birmingham of the Southern League in 1969, he was promoted to the big team. For the next three seasons he and Dave Duncan were forced to compete for the starting catcher's job, a situation that left both of them haggard with worry and frustration. Duncan, who rightfully regards himself as one of the game's finest defensive catchers, considered the annual challenge demeaning and was not in the least reluctant to express his discontent by holding out and requesting to be traded.

Tenace, who is aggressive and talk-

continued

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ative on the field, is much less volatile, much less verbal off it. He preferred to suffer in relative silence. Last spring, though, he was convinced he had finally won the battle.

"I knew I deserved the job. I was told to work hard on my defensive ability, and I did. I also hit .300 in spring training. Maybe the strike hurt me. Maybe they forgot, because Dunc was picked to catch Ken Holtzman in the opener. They told me the only reason was that he had caught him more in spring training. Then some writers looked it up and it turns out I had caught Holtzman more than he had. But Dunc got hot, hit a lot of home runs early. I was out of it. I was really down in the dumps. My roomie, Sal Bando, kept talking to me, though. He kept telling me that I'd get my chance, that I had to be ready when the time came. So I kept my mouth shut. I've always done that."

The big chance could not have come at a worse time. When Duncan failed to extricate himself from a midseason slump, Williams turned to Tenace. "Can you catch?" he asked the bench-warmer. "Yes," said Tenace, who at the time had a temperature of 104 and had lost 10 pounds from his normal playing weight of 190. But Williams, ever the tinkerer, put him at first base that day. He hit a triple, despite his illness, and was made the catcher the next day.

Tenace remained behind the plate until the seventh game of the World Series, when Williams moved him to first again, a move made necessary not so much by Tenace's inability to throw out Cincinnati base runners as by the inability of Mike Epstein, then the first baseman, to hit Reds' pitching.

Tenace had two hits in that final Series game. Still, he was removed by Williams for pinch runner Allan Lewis—the so-called "Panamanian Express"—after he doubled in the sixth inning. For Tenace, who considers himself at least the fifth fastest man on the team, it was a stunning blow. He was now deprived of a last chance at Ruth's record and he would not be in at the finish.

This sense of loss was assuaged, however, by the A's ultimate victory and by the subsequent honors heaped upon him. Then in December he was told by Williams that Epstein had been traded to the Texas Rangers and that he was now the A's first baseman.

Tenace prefers to catch. "I worked

continued



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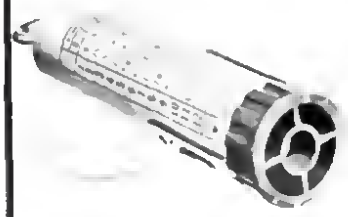
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so hard to become a catcher and I have never had the chance to prove myself there." But to be given the chance to play regularly anywhere was more than adequate compensation for the position switch. "Besides," he says, "I consider myself an offensive player."

Ah, but his life was to be complicated yet again, if only briefly. Duncan, realizing then that the catching job was his alone, determined that the added responsibility should be worth another $20,000 or so in wages. His bargaining position seemed, to him, unassailable: if he was the A's only catcher, they needed him worse than he needed them. Finley, calling attention to Duncan's .218 batting average in 1972, rejected the salary request, proposing instead a modest $10,000 increase. Duncan became a holdout.

Wearily, Tenace slipped back into the chest protector and mask in spring training. He had geared himself psychologically to being a first baseman and now he was back seemingly where he had been so often. "Even after the great Series I had," he lamented, "they still don't know what they want to do with me."

The dilemma was resolved in the traditional Finley manner last weekend. Duncan was traded along with Outfielder George Hendrick to Cleveland for Catcher Ray Fosse and Infielder Jack Heidemann—the A's had gotten tit for tat. Fosse is an experienced catcher who can hit. Despite a shoulder injury that has troubled him off and on over the past few seasons, he should be able to play regularly. Tenace can fill in on days when he is tired and in the second game of doubleheaders. His first responsibility is first base.

Playing every day, however, will force Tenace, at age 26, to contend with yet another unfamiliar element—his new reputation as a slugger who, for one week at least, attained Ruthian grandeur.

"Every time he hits, he will hear the fans," said teammate and bona fide slugger Reggie Jackson. "He will feel the pressure of the home run."

"I'm not a home-run hitter," Tenace protests. "I'm a line-drive hitter. But I can't go around telling people that. I know they will be expecting homers. I can feel the people. I know they all saw the World Series."

Better for him, maybe, that they all forget it. But then again, maybe they already have. **END**



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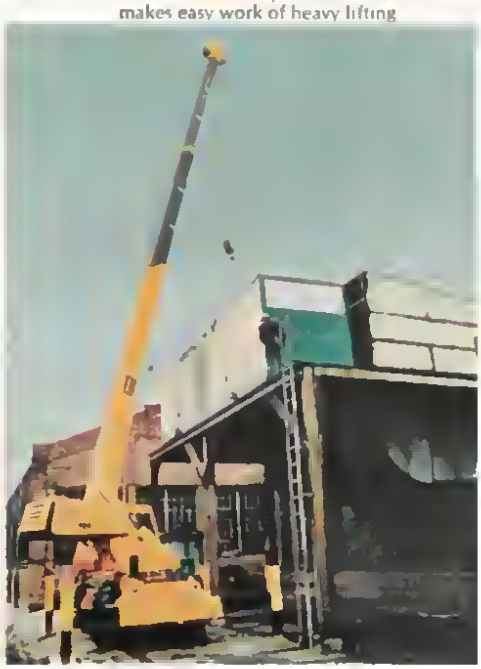


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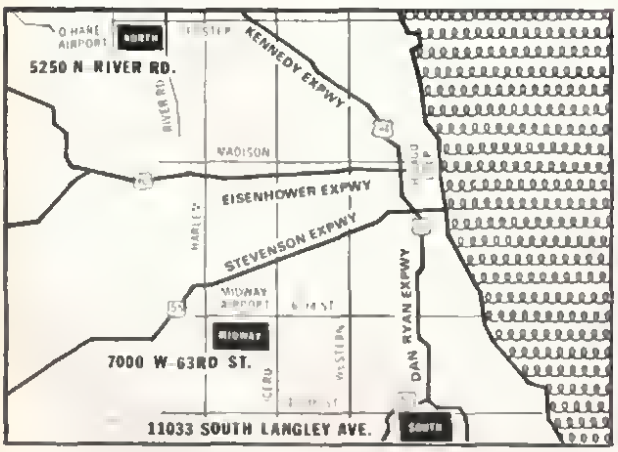
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Who's afraid of Virginia Tech?

Nobody, really, except the four NIT teams that lost to the scrambling Gobblers by a total of five points

The first rule of any 16-team tournament is that you must begin with 16 teams. And so, early in their selections, the NIT people posted invitations to Notre Dame and to Virginia Tech, and then they got serious. For sure, there were other soft touches. With the NCAA sweeping up conference champions plus the best of the independents, not too much remained. But this year the NIT emerged with some legitimate muscle in Minnesota and Alabama and North Carolina, and there were those who wept for the Irish and the, ah, Gobblers. For goodness sakes, the *Gobblers*?

The experts sourly scanned Notre Dame's record (15-11), its starting lineup (four sophomores, one junior) and its bench (a split end), and decided the Irish would be a 2-to-1 underdog against a forfeit. As one wit said, "The Notre Dames draw a bye and lose by five." None of the levity was lost on Digger Phelps, the effervescent 31-year-old who still finds it hard to believe that he is really coaching at Notre Dame.

"We played the toughest schedule in the country," said Phelps, who didn't care for the suggestion that Notre Dame was in only as a temporary hype to the gate at Madison Square Garden. NIT officials were equally offended, adding that it was only by mere chance that the Irish would play their first game on St. Patrick's Day. But Phelps' argument was sound. Notre Dame played a schedule that looked as though it might have been drawn up by Ian Paisley. In their first seven games the Irish lost to Michigan, Ohio State, St. Louis, Indiana, UCLA and Kentucky. After that, a guillotine would have looked like a breather. But by now Phelps had settled on his ironman offense, and the inexhaustible youngsters chewed up 14 opponents, including Marquette, St. John's and South Carolina, which did not exactly make them look like a pickup team from the South Bend YMCA.

The selection of Virginia Tech mystified even Virginia Tech, which had blown a possible NCAA at-large bid by losing to a couple of powerhouses named Richmond and Toledo. Still, the Gobblers had beaten Ohio State, South Carolina and Florida State while winning 18 of 23 and confounding the critics in the state who had said, "The Gobblers are too small, too white and too Virginian." Tech did have great cheerleaders, it was duly noted, all of them bearing some resemblance to Raquel Welch. Well, that wouldn't hurt the gate any, either. "I don't think we'll win a game," said Allan Bristow, the 6′ 7″ center who had just two scholarship offers while in high school, both for swimming. (He says Virginia Tech finally took him as a basketball player because a scout liked the way he dribbled.) "If we win one game," said Craig Lieder, a junior forward, "we can stay in New York a week."

On that note, the tournament began. "Can you imagine?" said Bob Boyd, the USC coach, "the Pac-8 finally gets a team in the NIT and we draw Notre Dame on St. Patrick's Day. Maybe we shouldn't show up." Later, Boyd wished he hadn't. The Trojans had 28 fouls called against them, Notre Dame but 10. USC made 32 field goals but just one free throw; Notre Dame made 23 field goals, 23 free throws—and won 69–65. Boyd set an NIT chair-drop-kicked-into-stands record of one.

The next day the Virginia Tech cheerleaders showed up in orange knee-length high-heel boots, supertight body shirts and white hot pants.

"I've just become a Gobbler fan," said 3,462 non-Virginia spectators.

By the time the team took the floor, the Garden crowd was almost all pro-Gobbler. Perhaps inspired by the unexpected support, underdog Virginia Tech responded with a 65–63 upset of New Mexico, the clincher coming on a basket by Charlie Thomas with 33 seconds to play. "It's a good team," said Tech Coach Don DeVoe, "even though none of our players were All-Americas in high school."

In the quarterfinals Notre Dame played favored Louisville even for a half, then dropped into a man-to-man defense and ran off with a 79–71 victory. With one second to play, Gary Brokaw fouled out and was replaced by Don Silinski. That was the Irish's *only* substitution.

"Going a full game was hard for me at first," said Brokaw, a 6′ 3″ sophomore guard. "The secret is pacing yourself.

continued



GOBBLING UP MORE POINTS, Tech high scorer Allan Bristow shoots over Alabama defense

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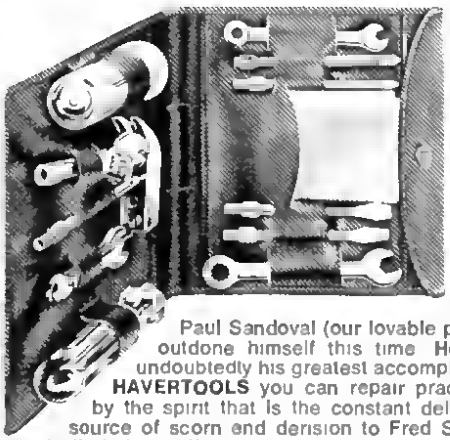
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That's a lot more important part of the game than people think. There was a point in December when I'd get so I could hardly move around in a game. But it doesn't bother me now. It's harder to keep your momentum when you keep changing lineups."

Whatever momentum Virginia Tech had from its opening victory it almost lost against little Fairfield, a surprise 80–76 victor over Marshall in its first game. "Fairfield's like us," said Lieder. "We're nobody and they're nobody, and that makes it a hard game for us. We lose mostly to cruddy teams."

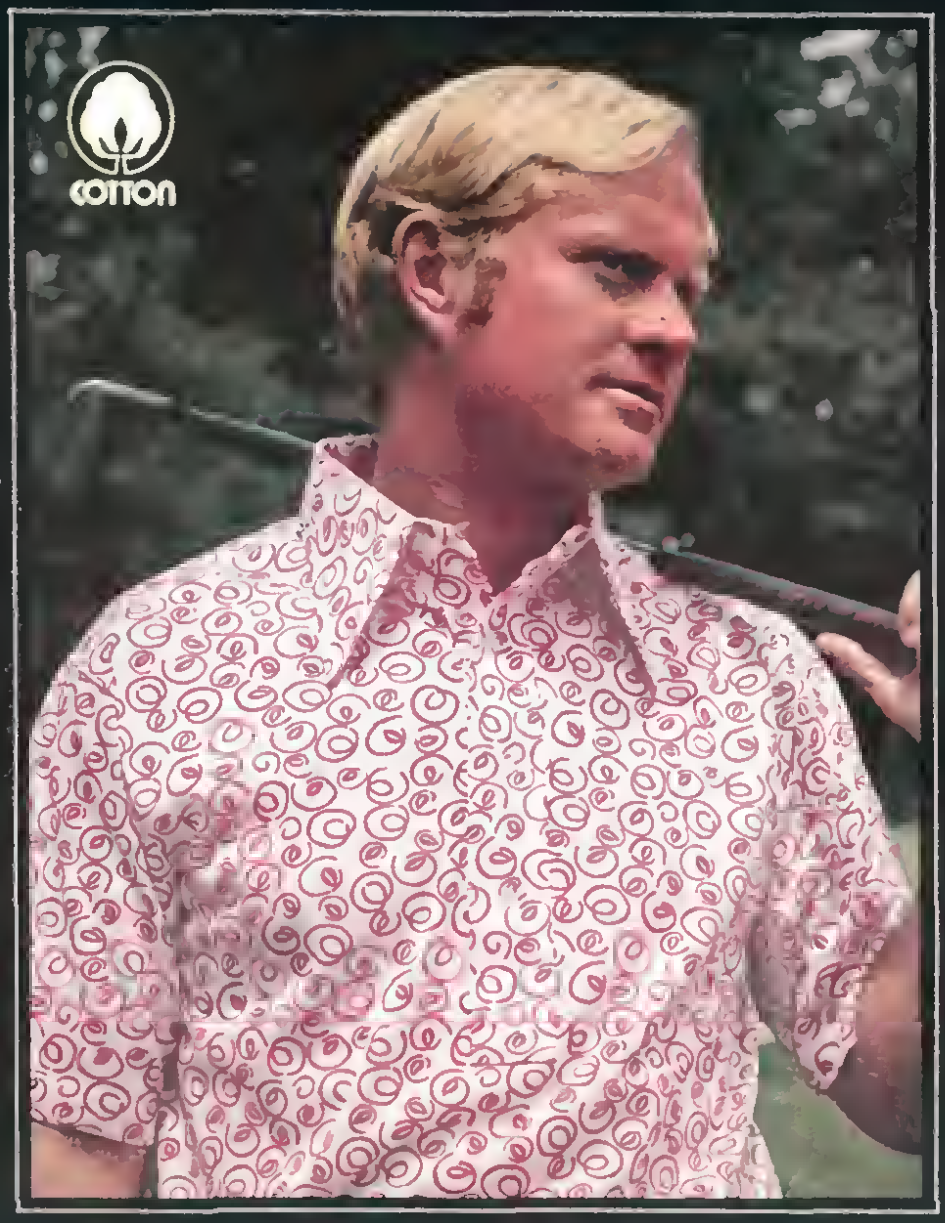
And for a half that's just the way Virginia Tech played, as though it were going to lose to another nobody. "We gave up more easy points in the first 20 minutes than we gave up all year," said DeVoe. Down by nine at intermission, the Gobblers finally put enough of their game together to edge the gritty little Connecticut school 77–76. "We just don't play well against a team like that," said DeVoe. "We don't look good until we play somebody like an Alabama."

Enter Alabama, the new Southeastern Conference power that had shocked 10th-ranked Minnesota 69–65 with a second-half run of 16 straight points in the quarterfinals. "Virginia Tech? I don't know too much about them," said Leon Douglas, Alabama's 6′ 10″ freshman center. "I watched part of their game with Fairfield but I kept falling asleep."

No one slept through the last 3:05 of the Gobblers' 74–73 upset of Alabama. Trailing by five at that point, Tech got two quick scores from Thomas, its defensive genius. One point down, and the Gobblers' cheerleaders were doing their version of the turkey trot. It would be hard to fault Alabama's Ray Odums for fouling under the circumstances. But he did, giving the ball to Tech, which gave it to Ed Frazier, who hit a jumper from the key. Then Bobby Stevens made a pair of free throws, and Virginia Tech led 74–71 with 14 seconds to play. Alabama cut that margin to one on an Odums jump shot. And there, with five seconds to play, Virginia Tech almost blew it to a somebody.

The Gobblers had to bring the ball into play from under their basket. The ball came in but no one was there, and it went bouncing down the court. In pursuit went Lieder, who is known as Leadfoot. "To start the clock I had to touch it before it went out of bounds," he

continued



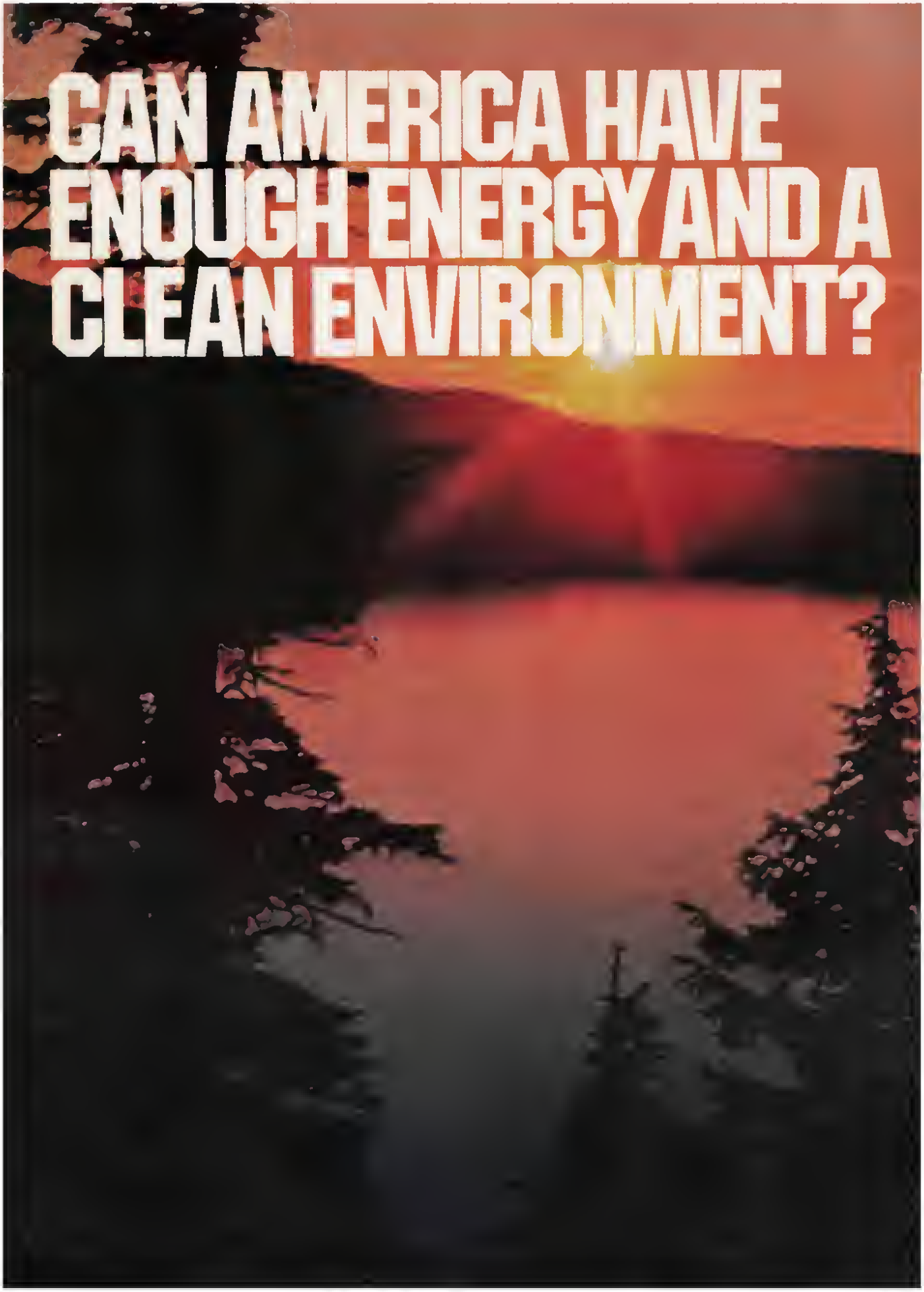
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This is a report to the American people on the twin subjects of energy and environment.

The two have been closely related ever since our remote ancestors discovered fire—and with it, smoke. All of man's efforts to produce and consume energy have had their effects on the physical world in which man lives.

Today, we are asking ourselves how we can reconcile our need for energy with our desire for a clean environment.

Progress is being made. A recent study by the government's Council on Environmental Quality reports that the air has been made cleaner.

MORE CARS, BUT LESS POLLUTION

Air pollution resulting from automobile emissions has been significantly reduced.

As 1971 ended, there were 113 million automotive vehicles in this country. New equipment and new gasolines have reduced total hydrocarbon emissions in the air to the levels of 1960, when there were 74 million vehicles.

Total carbon monoxide emissions are down to the levels of 1963, when there were 85 million vehicles.

As older cars are replaced by new ones with better emission controls, there will be further declines of hydrocarbons, carbon monoxide and even oxides of nitrogen in the air.

SULFUR EMISSIONS ARE DOWN

Another source of air pollution is the sulfur released from burning oil. Since World War II, the sulfur content of home-heating oils and diesel fuels has been reduced more than 50% through increased use of low-sulfur crude oils and improved refining techniques.

Progress has also been made with the heavy fuel oils used by industries and power plants. In New York City, for example, pollution from sulfur dioxide was severe a few years ago. But, in response to regulations, the sulfur levels of heavy fuel oils burned in New York City have been reduced 90% since the mid-Sixties.

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For air and water pollution control in our own drilling, transporting and refining operations, oil companies spend an average total of $3.3 million every day, $1 billion a year, in the United States. This is the largest environmental expenditure by any industry.

Concrete, measurable efforts like these are a solid basis for believing that America's desire for a cleaner natural environment can be realized.

But every American lives in other "environments" beside nature's.

Our homes are one environment. The places where we work, where we shop, where we study, where we are entertained, are also environments.

All of these depend upon adequate supplies of energy. And, although we are making progress toward cleaner air and purer water, our energy supply problem is getting worse.

TWO GOALS TO KEEP IN MIND

The nation must keep *both* goals in mind: enough energy *and* a clean environment. To pursue either goal without considering the other is to invite disaster.

Environmental concerns and economic factors are postponing the development of additional domestic energy: oil, natural gas, coal, nuclear power. Supplies are falling far behind the nation's fast-growing demand.

Oil and natural gas now furnish 77% of all our energy, including nearly 40% of our electricity. Experts believe there are substantial resources of oil and gas still to be discovered in America, especially offshore. But exploratory drilling has been held up again and again by government authorities and by court actions brought by citizens.

For the record: during the past 25 years, 16,000 oil and gas wells have been drilled in America's coastal waters. There have been only three significant instances of environmental damage, no evidence of permanent damage. The oil industry's drilling techniques and safety technology are constantly improving.

MISSING: 2,000,000 BARRELS A DAY

In Alaska, the largest oil field in American history was discovered six years ago. It could supply two million barrels of oil a day, about one-eighth of our current needs.

But none of it is yet available, because the construction of the pipeline needed to bring this oil to market has been delayed by environmental objections.

Nuclear power and coal could contribute more to our energy supply but have not because of a combination of economic and environmental considerations.

The United States cannot hope to get the energy it needs here at home unless it takes a more realistic approach to environmental problems.

ENERGY TO CLEAN THE ENVIRONMENT

The fact is, cleaning the environment and keeping it clean will require huge additional amounts of energy.

Sewage treatment and water purification; recycling aluminum, steel, glass and paper; tearing down and rebuilding urban ghettos and blighted areas everywhere—all these operations demand energy and lots of it.

The life-styles that most Americans want depend on energy—on oil and natural gas—as well as on clean air and pure water. Our aim should be to safeguard *all* these necessities.

THE NATION'S TWO NEEDS

Clean energy and a clean environment are *not* "either . . . or" choices. They are both expensive, but we need both.

We are making progress toward a better environment, although much more remains to be done.

We will not "run out" of energy in the near future. But, right now, we are running out of time to make prudent decisions about energy. Long lead time is needed to develop important new domestic supplies of oil and natural gas, nuclear and geothermal power, sulfur-free coal, synthetic oil and gas, solar energy.

Delay today could plague us for at least the next critical decade.

To help you stay informed, we've prepared three basic booklets, "The Energy Gap," "Statement of Policy on Energy" and "A Guide to Efficient Energy Use in the Home." Write to Dept. S, American Petroleum Institute, 1801 K Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006 for your free copies.

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said "I never ran so fast in my life." He caught up with the ball just as he was falling out of bounds in the far corner, and the clock ticked. The game ended before Alabama could bring the ball far enough upcourt to get off a shot.

"Us, Virginia Tech in the NIT final?" said Bristow. "I don't believe it."

"We had to win it," said Lieder. "The consolation game is at 11 a.m. and nobody wanted to get up that early."

For its semifinal Notre Dame caught North Carolina, the victor over Oral Roberts and Massachusetts, and so deep in talent that its coach, Dean Smith, orders in substitutes in waves. Against Massachusetts, for instance, Smith juggled his lineup 31 times, which can be confusing. To everyone. Against Massachusetts, Smith tried to substitute George Karl for George Karl.

For the first 20 minutes North Carolina hurled fresh body after fresh body at the Irish, and all this won the Tar Heels a nine-point lead with 2:33 to play. But Notre Dame's Pete Crotty picked up his third foul and Phelps replaced him with Willie Townsend, a split end for the football team. He contributed a basket to seven straight Irish points that cut the margin to 43-41 at the half.

Then Dwight Clay, a 5'11" sophomore guard who had only one field goal in the first half, decided he had better do something. "I knew I had to open things up," he said. "Coach looks to me to get movement in the game." He started with two quick jumpers, fed a pass to Townsend who scored, and then hit a long jumper. Notre Dame led by six and the freshness oozed from North Carolina. "I figured they were getting a little winded," said Clay. From there until the 78-71 end, the big excitement was when Notre Dame's John Shumate finally missed a shot. The 6'9" sophomore went 9 for 9 against Louisville, and hit on his first 11 against North Carolina. Going into Sunday's final, he was 28 for 32 from the floor in three games.

"We have to do something to neutralize Shumate," said DeVoe. "If we can, we can stay within reach." North Carolina's Smith suggested the law of averages. "It's not humanly possible to keep shooting like that," he said. Perhaps not, but to make certain, DeVoe ordered his troops to collapse on Shumate whenever he moved inside. When Tech built 10-point leads three times in the first half, the plan appeared sound.

continued

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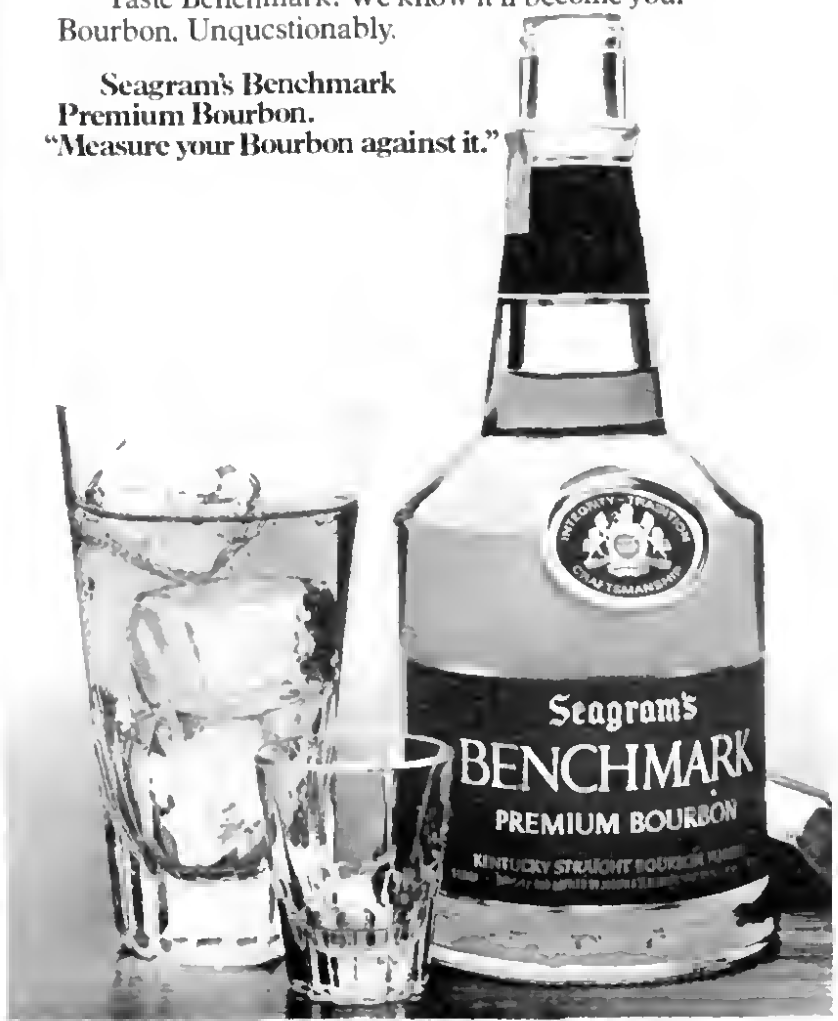
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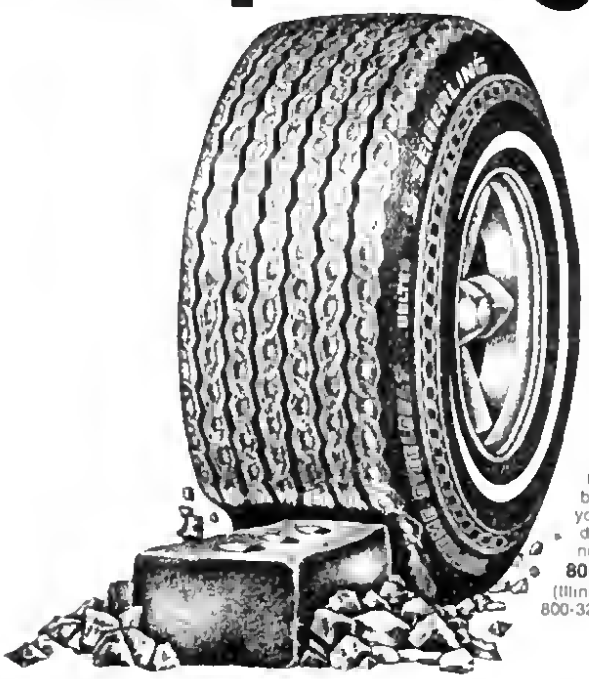
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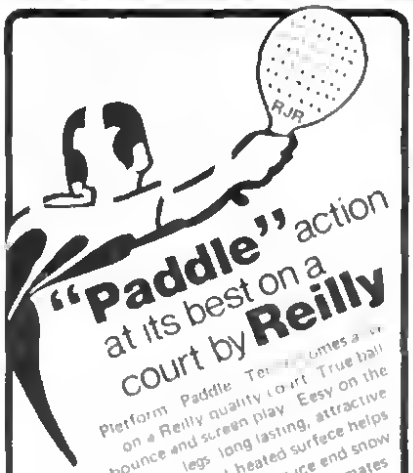


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But then the Irish went into a full-court press, the Gobblers went into a panic and by halftime Notre Dame's deficit was four.

The intermission did nothing for the Virginians' nerves. The Gobblers began turning over the ball almost faster than Notre Dame could pick it up and score, and with less than eight minutes to play the Irish had streaked to a 10-point lead.

DeVoe called his charges in for a council. Do to them what they are doing to you, he told them. Pressure them. As the Irish suddenly developed stone fingers, Tech sliced the lead. It was two points with five seconds to play. "I had never really given up," said Lieder. "I just figured we were doomed." Then at the buzzer, Lieder hit a 15-foot jumper to send the game into overtime. "I don't believe it," he said.

A few minutes later he felt doomed again after Notre Dame had taken a four-point lead with 55 seconds to play. That's when Bobby Stevens, a 5' 10" guard, took command. In three previous tournaments, twice in high school and once in junior college, Stevens' teams had reached the final only to lose. He decided that four times would be too many.

With 43 seconds to play, Stevens hit with a short jumper, was fouled while shooting and made the free throw to cut Notre Dame's lead to one. When the Irish brought the ball into play, the Gobblers' Thomas took a deep breath and fouled Brokaw, who already had scored 23 points. Brokaw went to the line for the one-and-one, missed and Virginia Tech came down with the ball. With 12 seconds to play, Stevens called for a time-out.

And there it was. Sixteen teams, 15 games and it all came down to just one shot. Or, as it turned out, two. Ed Frazier passed in to Stevens, who saw everybody else was covered and decided to throw the ball up. It hit the rim and came down into a crowd. Someone batted it in the air, Stevens ran over and grabbed it and turned loose his second chance just as the buzzer went off. Swish! For a second, none of the Gobblers believed it went in and that they were the 1973 NIT champions. Neither could Shumate, who scored 28 points and was voted the tournament's most valuable player.

"And now we can go home," said Lieder. "New York is a great place but it is awfully expensive. And we're just poor country boys." **END**

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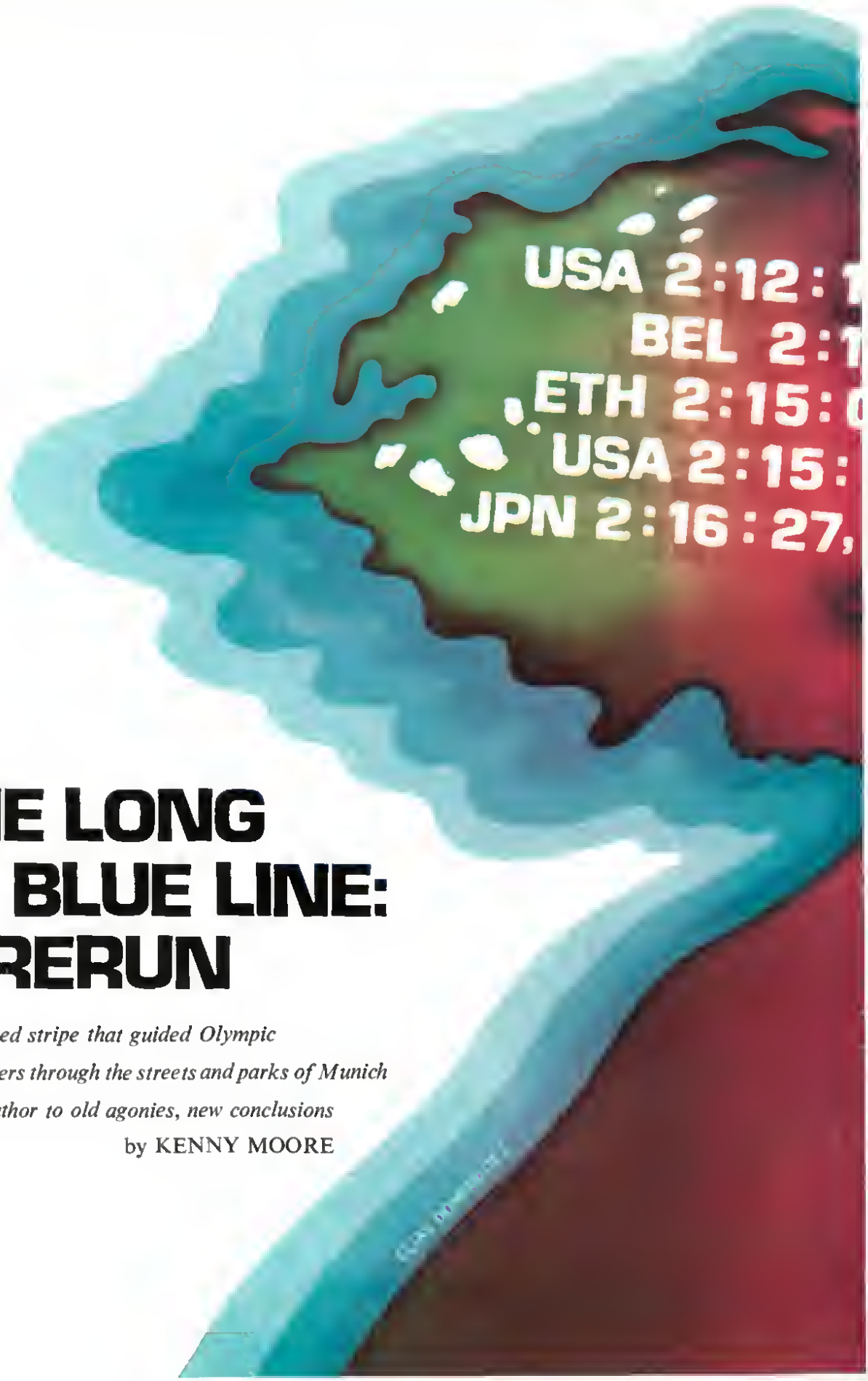
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THE LONG BLUE LINE: A RERUN

The painted stripe that guided Olympic marathoners through the streets and parks of Munich led the author to old agonies, new conclusions

by KENNY MOORE



CONTINUED

The Olympic marathoners, 69 skittish, prancing men, were called into the tunnel that led from the practice track to the stadium. I said goodby to my wife and the coaches. Stan Wright, our sprint coach, sat with his back against a post, watching his 400-meter relay team warm up. It was Wright who had accepted the blame for two of our 100-meter men having failed to get to the stadium in time for their heats.

"One more day," he said, "and it's all over."

Flippantly I said, "No it's not. Life goes on."

He looked straight at me. "That's what I'm living for. Life has to go on."

In the tunnel I saw Ron Hill, the renowned English marathoner. His drooping mustache was gone, as was most of his hair, and he was conspicuously tanned from training close to the sun in the Swiss Alps. Ron is a textile chemist and occasionally seems possessed by the scientific method. Here in Munich he had dressed to reflect as much heat as possible. His sboes and shorts were coated witb silver. His shirt was made of glittering mesh. The Union Jack on his chest seemed to be done in sequins.

An official assigned us lanes and rows. Hill and I were in the front, flanking Derek Clayton of Australia, who has run the world's fastest marathon. Clayton stared out at an angle somewhat above the rim of the stadium. As if savoring every aspect of the moment, he drew in deep breaths through his prominent nose, closing his eyes as he exhaled. "It's finally here," he whispered. "It's all come to this."

Hill seemed vexed, complaining about the warm weather, the course, the time it took to place us on our marks.

"Hey, take it easy," I said.

He snapped at me. "Certainly, when we've had two death threats from the IRA."

The starter's gun went off and conversation ceased. We circled the track twice at a moderate pace. I drifted toward the center of the pack, picking out the experienced marathoners I had met before. Jack Foster and Dave McKenzie stood out in the all-black of New Zealand. Fragile Mamo Wolde, the defending champion, wore Ethiopian green, Seppo Nikkari the pale blue of Finland. Akio Usami of Japan, who had calmly removed all his clothes in the warmup area, was in white from shoes to headband.

When Jim Ryun fell in his 1,500-meter heat, people said to me, "For God's sake, be careful in the marathon." I explained that marathoners are gentlemen compared to milers. The race sorts us out perfectly well. We don't have to hit each other.

Save for the two walks the marathon is the only race in the Olympics for which no qualifying time is required. Every country has the right to enter three men. If an eccentric Argentine or Ceylonese is determined to be an Olympian, and can pay his own way, he can run. Or, to put it more accurately, he can start.

So as we swept through the marathon gate and headed out on the roads the pack included stumpy little men struggling even then to hold their positions. They jockeyed incessantly. They bunched too tightly toward the inside on curves. They ran like milers, and a few hundred yards after leaving the stadium I was caught in a jam on a corner and tripped. I curled into a ball on the warm asphalt until an opening appeared in the slapping feet and was up quickly, with a stinging elbow and knee, a sore calf and a 30-yard deficit. As we flooded over the cobblestones of the Press Village and set out on wide, unshaded thoroughfares between cement factories and apartment houses, I told myself to relax, to harbor the surge of aggressiveness I was feeling. An electric bus with a revolving red light led us between rows of applauding spectators. I let the leaders draw 50 yards ahead and tried to take myself to a more natural, peaceful setting.

U.S. distance runners prepared for Munich in bucolic near-isolation. We were a week on a piney, stony peninsula near Brunswick, Maine, and spent 20 days exploring the blueberry-strewn forest above Oslo, Norway. That city maintains miles of trails for cross-country skiing in winter and hiking in summer. We ran upon them daily, peering into the trees after moose, marveling at rushing cataracts and the way Norwegian families push baby carriages on 14-mile hikes.

We were equally struck by the garrulity of our own Doug Brown, a steeplechaser who had just completed his



sophomore year at Tennessee. Brown must have been a hyperkinetic child, for he is now a hyperkinetic post-adolescent. As we ran, his stream of consciousness mingled with the waterfalls: "*Thunderball*, that's what we're seeing tonight. Love James Bond. All those gimmicks. I'm not grown up yet. Fat? I'm not fat. One hundred and fifty-two pounds. Of course, I eat a lot of dinner. I never make it to breakfast. That's my schedule. I go out a lot at night. I figure eight or nine hours sleep is eight or nine hours worth, no matter when you get it. So I sleep from two to 11. Never go to morning classes. Sure rains a lot here. Like Oregon. This is supposed to be *summer*. What's everybody acting so tired for? This is Sunday. The *first* day of the week. You're supposed to be chipper. . . ."

One afternoon, jogging back from the stadium, Brown and Jeff Galloway, a 10,000-meter runner, noticed a yard containing a stately cherry tree burdened with fruit. Later, under cover of darkness, they returned.

Brown gave this account: "It was a big house, two cars, nice furniture, so let's face it, it wasn't like we were taking cherries from the mouths of starving babies. Besides, we decided to concentrate on just one branch. Or at least I did, because Galloway said I should go into the yard and pick while he kept a lookout on the sidewalk.



So, great steeplechaser that I am, I jumped over the fence and fell down. I finally got under the tree, whipped out my sack and went to work. Every so often Jeff would whisper someone was coming and I'd hit the ground. I was ready to run every time, I tell you. Finally I had enough for a snack, about four pounds, so I quit, cleared the fence and we started ambling home.

"Pretty soon this *Politzei* car comes rolling along slow and they call us over. They were great, spoke good English. We got to talking, told 'em we were on the U.S. Olympic team. To be friendly I offered 'em some cherries. They looked at the sack and back at the yard where I'd been, and then they started talking Norwegian to each other. Finally they said, 'Get in.' I was on the verge of taking off when I felt Jeff's hand on my back. I got the idea he didn't want me to run, so we got in. They took us to the front of the house and I—Galloway made it very clear who had been doing the picking—had to go up to the door.

"A nice man came out when I knocked and I told him how I was on the U.S. Olympic team and that I admired Norway and Oslo and particularly his cherries so much that I'd picked some without permission and I was sorry. He said that was all right, it happened all the time, and if I would come to the house after this and ask, I could pick all the cherries I wanted. I mean, let's face it, he was really nice. So the *Politzei* were happy and Jeff and I got home with our cherries and you know what, these Norwegian cherries, my Lord, are they sour!"

Six miles from the start we entered Nymphenburg. The marathon course was conceived by Willi Daume, head of the Olympic Organizing Committee, with an eye to scenery. The painted blue line marking the route wound past most of the notable Munich landmarks and through the city's two large parks, Nymphenburg and the English Garden. When a number of countries protested the eight miles of loose gravel or dirt in these stretches (IAAF rules require marathons to be run on pavement), the committee said the paths would be swept and covered with a "special plastic." The yellow dust that now rose behind the bus was testimony to that promise broken. Our eyes filled with grit. There also was profanity in the air, much of it Frank Shorter's, and eventually the bus turned aside.

We came to the first refreshment station. On a hot day it is essential to replace as much lost liquid as possible. Once you have sweated away more than 10 or 12 pounds, your blood becomes too viscous to be pumped easily and you court heatstroke. Frank and I had spent half an hour in the morning shaking the carbonation out of Cokes and pouring the flat liquid into plastic squeeze bottles marked with our numbers. These now were arranged on card tables beside the path. An Ethiopian, Lengissa Bedane, took Frank's. Frank took mine. I took nothing. Frank couldn't return my bottle to me because it is against the rules to aid fellow competitors. We discussed the situation through the remainder of the park. "Sorry," Frank said.

The route to Munich was cluttered with airports. Including Portland, Maine there were at least five—LaGuardia,

continued

JFK, Oslo and Copenhagen. Most of my teammates also went to pre-Olympic meets in Italy or Sweden. Sauntering through these terminals in our double-knit suits with red-white-and-blue-striped belts and two-tone patent-leather loafers, we sparked some curiosity in our fellow travelers. People often seemed surprised when they learned what we were. We in turn wondered what they had guessed. A tour of superpatriotic circus performers? *Reader's Digest* editors? Wallace supporters? (No, there were too many blacks among us for that one.)

Americans, especially in Europe, often treated us possessively, which was understandable but sometimes got on our nerves. Once when we were seated for a meal, a lady who had learned to speak in the vicinity of Brooklyn, perhaps near a boiler works, materialized behind marathoner Jack Bacheler.

"Are you Ryun?" she shouted in his ear.

Jack said he wasn't. Jim was training back in Kansas.

"Oh, then we're disappointed," she said, and glanced around the table, meeting Frank Shorter's icy stare. "Well, not *really* disappointed. . . ." She began to make her withdrawal.

"Yes, you are," said Frank. "Admit it."

In the passenger lounge at JFK, an AP reporter presented himself to Head Coach Bill Bowerman.

"I have to file a story on the team's departure," he said. "So what's the big news?"

"So far as I know, there is none. We're all here. We leave from Gate 29."

The man's brow knitted. "Well, let me ask you about some of the big names. Randy Matson. Al Oerter. Hayes Jones. How is Hayes Jones doing?"

"Hayes Jones is no longer with us."

"You mean he died?"

(Jones competed last in the 1964 Games, Oerter retired in 1970 and Matson had not qualified for the team.)

Pole vaulter Jan Johnson and runner Steve Prefontaine, inseparable companions, softened the tedium with nips from a flask wrapped in a brown paper bag. Later Johnson reflected on the journey.

"The Olympics have always been a shining dream for me, unreal and mystical, where everything takes on deep meaning. So at JFK, when we got on that funny container bus that took us out to the aircraft, Steve and I were giddy, saying, 'This is the slowest plane I've ever been on,' but I was thinking, 'Here's where the fantasy begins.' Then I looked around and it was nothing special, just a bunch of guys I knew. Coming in to Oslo, I got ready for the magic to hit me. But it was only rain."

Johnson provided his own magic, as at breakfast, mixing the contents of two bowls. "Ah, oatmeal and applesauce. Gives you the strength of a thousand butterflies."

Before we emerged from Nymphenburg, Clayton and the iridescent Hill, who had pushed the early pace, dropped behind. Usami and Foster took the lead. Once out on pavement again, Frank cruised through the front group, now down to eight, observing runners closely. With 17 miles to go, as we ran beneath maples lining a murky canal, he surged ahead.

Nobody went with him. It was hot, and it seemed he had spurted too sharply. He would pay for his extravagance later. So as he moved away we each sought our most economic rhythm, and the pack split up. I ran for a mile with Gaston Roelants of Belgium, whose shoes were bound to his feet with yards of tape to prevent friction and blisters. He slowed with a side ache.

I caught Jack Foster and tried to cajole him into running the slightest increment faster. He looked at me stonily. Then a rejuvenated Clayton pounded by and I took up with him. Along a smooth stretch of road our shadows preceded us. Clayton's was full of movement, his arms clawing high across his chest, his head bobbing. I looked over. His tongue rolled in and out of his mouth.

We came up to the men closest to Frank: Usami, Wolde, Karel Lismont of Belgium and Bacheler. When Clayton and I ran past, Wolde joined us. But Clayton lingered too long at the 25-kilometer refreshment station, and Wolde and I were alone.

On the warm afternoon of Aug. 26 the Games were opened. In white coats and vermilion pants we trudged to the grassy assembly area at one o'clock, there to mill and grow stiff until 4:30 when we could begin the march to the stadium half a mile away.

Distance runner George Young, a four-time Olympian, examined the five USOC officers who would lead us. "I just realized," he said, "that the last time I saw any of those distinguished gentlemen was when we were marching in Mexico."

Traditionally, neither coaches nor managers parade with the athletes. But the USOC appeared to have given its seats to friends and relatives, so many coaches had to enter our ranks to see the opening ceremonies. The head track and field manager, George Wilson, who is the deputy chief of the U.S. Army sports program and who until then had shown a determination to stick to every nitpicking rule, came too. "This is my first protest march," he said.

Jon Anderson, a 10,000-meter runner, moved through the crowd patting strange bulges under his coat and conferring with others similarly misshapen. Every U.S. athlete had been given an Instamatic by Kodak, which had paid the USOC handsomely for the privilege, yet a notice had been posted that morning that read: "One's sense of national pride ought to prevent the carrying of cameras in the opening parade." And if somehow that were not sufficient, they would be confiscated at the gate.

"I'm afraid my personal pride and my national pride are in conflict," said Anderson.

"Pride, my foot," said Shorter. "The Germans just want a monopoly on pictures of the opening. And the USOC wanted Kodak's largesse. And Kodak wanted the Olympic shield on its ads."

Said Anderson, with mock astonishment, "You mean if you follow a gift or a rule to its source, you don't find appreciation for the athletes or concern for our best interests?"

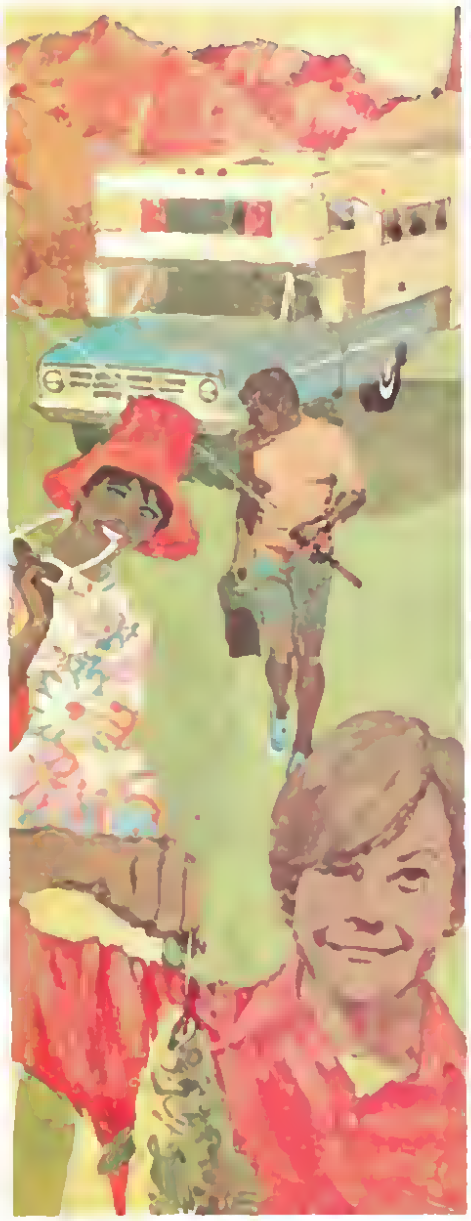
"Only money," said Frank. "Only money."

Once under way to the stadium, our mood continued to be one of sarcastic festivity. Ticketless people lined our

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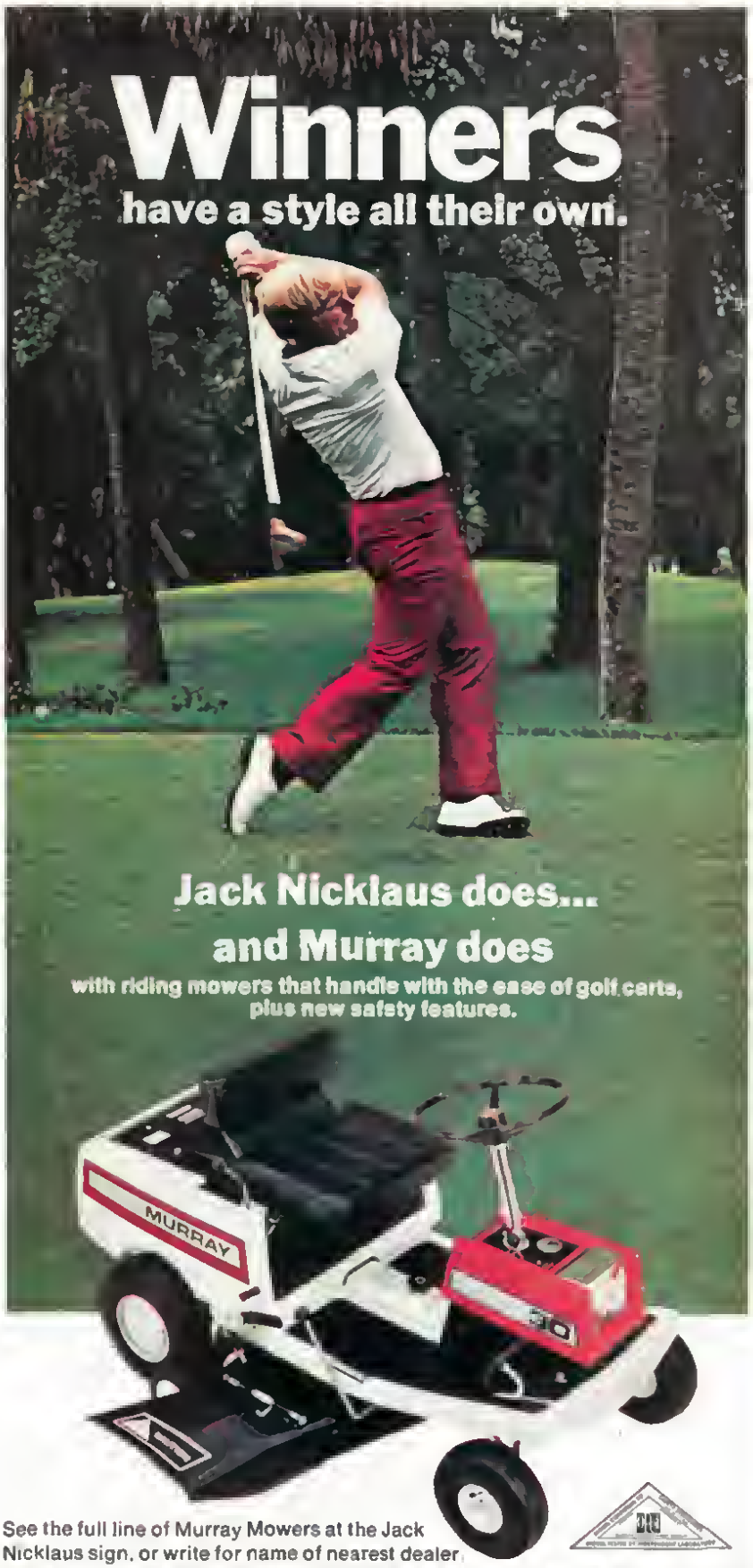
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route and hung from overpasses. Steeplechaser Mike Manley instructed them in cheering: "Let's have it louder there on the bridge. You, sir, with the flag, wave it like you meant it. Wottle, do you think it would be possible for you to assume an upright position?" As we approached the gate and darkened tunnel, someone shouted, "O.K., everybody, get out your I.D.!"

Then we emerged into the light at the bottom of that great bowl of humanity, and there were no more wisecracks.

During the long wait those of us who had been in Mexico had said to the cranky new Olympians, "It will be worth it," and in those first moments in the stadium we all experienced a surge of happiness over having come together again. But it was not Mexico.

In 1968 the IOC members presented a sharp contrast to the singing, celebrating Mexicans around them. They sat quietly in their special box with an air of detached pride, basking in the glow of what they had wrought.

In Munich the crowd and the IOC were indistinguishable. The stadium was filled with politely clapping people of means, as intent on being seen as on welcoming the world's athletes. The pageantry, which was nearly identical to that in Mexico, was enhanced by an international escort of Ryun, Kip Keino, Kenji Kimihara and Clayton for the young German torchbearer. There were no hitches. But Mexico's fire was not rekindled. We stood and squatted on the infield as the speeches rolled over us, and gradually sore backs and pinching shoes took on greater importance than the Olympic oath. When the time came to leave, we were glad to go.

Mamo Wolde runs, soundless of foot and breath, with his head tipped slightly forward. I sensed his presence only from that distinguished widow's peak floating above my left shoulder. We ran along boulevards, around statues, fountains, arches.

Downtown Munich exudes prosperity. Furs and jewelry are displayed behind plate glass. Marble buildings seem more substantial, portly, in the soft afternoon haze. But we were beyond noticing. Our universe was asphalt, tram tracks and a faint blue line.

Mamo is knock-kneed and points his toes slightly out. I am grossly knock-kneed and also toe out, both conditions

continued

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FOR THE PIRELLI DEALER NEAREST YOU IN THE U.S. AND CANADA SEE THE YELLOW PAGES. PIRELLI TIRE [illegible] NEW YORK, N.Y.

being accentuated by fatigue. Since we ran so close together, once in a while our shoes brushed. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry," Wolde said each time, displaying the manners of a true marathoner.

The mayor of the Olympic Village, Walther Troger, made us to understand that all officials' and athletes' wives or husbands who had come to Munich would receive plastic-coated, color-coded passes with photographs of the holders that were required to get into the Village. Each delegation was told to submit a list of names to be so accredited. The U.S. came up with more than 250. The mayor, shocked at the number, reneged. This list was shortened by lopping off athletes' and coaches' wives. Only spouses of high officials were given passes.

My wife Bobbie was upset at the injustice of the ruling. Others had a more urgent need. Connie Manley and Peg Savage, our steeplechasers' wives, had been thrown out of their Munich room (found for them by the USOC, which had also accepted full payment) and had nowhere else to go but the Village. "I guess they oversold," said Connie. "Peg and I slept in a double bed, and last night the Frau who runs the operation was sleeping on the kitchen floor. Five minutes after we got to bed, two more people came with a blue card from the city. Out we went."

Emboldened by necessity, Connie and Bobbie investigated the pass-making machinery in the administration building, an assembly line of typists, Polaroid photographers and laminating machines. Picking a moment when the room was packed with impatient Poles and chattering Colombians and the clerks were busiest, Connie and Bobbie strolled behind the counter, lifted what they hoped were the proper forms and casually but officiously typed their names on them.

Mike Manley and I sat by the door. I couldn't look. He described the scene to me: "They're sure smiling a lot. . . . By God they've got their pictures. . . . I don't think each station in the line knows what any of the others is doing. . . . Wait. There's a guy at the end who seems to be inspecting the cards before they're given to the athletes. If anything's wrong, . . . The room is a lot emptier than 10 minutes ago. The thieves look so obvious out there. . . . Oh, they're so close. So close. . . . Bobbie's through. Connie's got it. Connie's got it!"

Within days everyone knew six ways to produce bogus credentials. "The Village drugstore is doing a land-office business in laminating kits," reported Walker Bill Weigle. "Isn't it just like the Germans to bring in a thousand more laminating kits?"

Not once, even during the security crackdown that was to come, were any of the wives' passes questioned.

With nine miles to go we plunged into the greenery of the English Garden. People shouted that Shorter was one minute ahead. Wolde and I looked behind us. Clayton was gone. There was only a pale little man in white, 150 yards back. The day had cooled. The next five miles through the park would be in shade. And Frank had said, "I've never tied up, you know. I've never really died after getting a lead." I believed him now. He could hold his minute. Wolde and I were running for silver.

We dipped and rolled and sometimes stumbled on the dusty, rutted path. The applause of the city streets fell away. On some wooded stretches we were alone with our struggle. I tried to draw on the competitive responses I had restrained earlier, imagining how I would bolt away from Wolde with a mile to go, recalling his 57-second last lap in the Mexico City 10,000, where he had been a close second, and reminding myself of the other side of the coin, his 39 years.

In a clearing the trail widened. A cluster of spectators pushed to see. Trotting straight at us was a long-haired dachshund. I went left. So did he. I cut back. So did he. To the amusement of the crowd, I had to hurdle him. A few yards farther on stood three policemen whose duty it was to keep the path clear. They were taking pictures of us.

Russell Knipp, 30, is calm and his speech soft, controlled, in the manner of many strong men. And he is strong, having set nine world and 32 U.S. weight-lifting records over a lengthy career. His 1,025-pound middleweight total in the three Olympic lifts amounts to more than six times his own weight. Short and broad, but not disproportionately so, with closely trimmed blond hair and an unlined, cherubic face, Knipp is an amiable, responsive gentleman. A few minutes of conversation, however, yield the suspicion that on certain subjects Russ does not maintain a spirit of detached inquiry. I had breakfast with him a few days after the Games began.

"According to the Bible the man is commanded to love the wife and the woman to be submissive," he said. "I believe a woman loses her true quality when she becomes aggressive, when she tries to enter the man's domain. Our values in the United States have changed—liberalism has really crept in—to where women want equal rights, but it is clear, in the law of God, in the Bible, that her rightful place is in the home. That's why I was deeply concerned that Olga Connolly was elected to carry our flag in the opening ceremonies.

"The ancient Olympics were designed for warriors, men of battle. The greatest hero was the greatest warrior, the most powerful man. Today other nations seem to realize this more than we do. The Russians had their world champion wrestler carry their flag here. In Mexico they had Zhabotinsky, the great weight lifter. We had a girl fencer.

"I work for the Campus Crusade for Christ. I've traveled to 500 high school and college campuses, giving assembly programs, sharing Christ with students, and I've found that there is a hard core of college students who want to destroy America as we know it. They want a kind of utopia, where there is no more bombing, where we lay down our arms and promote the unity of all races.

"But God says unless you have a strong nation, a strong military and all the people supporting it, you'll fall. Once liberalism and pacifism have crept in, a nation is doomed. The Greeks fell because of it. The Romans. But the best example is right in the Bible. When the Israelites were forced into captivity, they united in their beliefs and became strong enough to throw off their oppressors. But when they had lived in freedom for a while, they started to listen to the liberals. They sought peace, they neglected their military, and they got thrown back into slavery.

"We're in Germany now. How many of the kids on this team do you think understand what went on here in World War II? We fought so hard to put an end to tyranny and oppression, so our children would never know them, so they could be free, and now some of those children, part of a whole generation without discipline, want to burn our country. That's anumalism. That's anarchy.

We live in the greatest, most powerful country in the world. Why can't they see that?"

Russell Knipp, on the morning I spoke with him, was unquestionably sincere, caring only to be understood, unperturbed at my reluctance to agree with everything he said. His reason for being at the Games, his sport, his work, all unite into a life devoted to strength, to the power and the glory.

I meant to talk with him again, because as we parted he gave me a book. The first words which caught my eye were "God despises little babies." And I had more questions still later, when war entered the Olympics.

With five miles to go, a cramp shot up my right hamstring. Wolde passed immediately and looked around. He watched me hobble, clutching the back of my thigh for a couple of steps. Then he turned and ran on.

As I slowed the cramp eased, I couldn't risk a second attack. I had to accelerate carefully, if possible, to just below my previous pace. Wolde quickly had 100 yards. Then Lismont, the European champion, the man in white we had seen behind us entering the park, stormed past, running with his head down and a powerful arm action. I had visions of myself in the coming miles, a crawling, agonized figure, being passed at the end by wealthy Argentines. But then, mercifully, the park ended and I got back on level streets. I found a rhythm and began to move again. There was no reason to look back. The last medal was disappearing ahead of me.

For a period of two days before the Games, every American athlete faced the decision of whether or not to compete. On Aug. 19 black U.S. trackmen withdrew from a meet at Kempten, 60 miles from Munich, rather than go on the field with the Rhodesian team. Late that night and again the next morning the entire track team held meetings, in which it was established that the blacks were united in their decision and that many whites, out of conscience or brotherhood, would back them. Coach Bowerman said, "By admitting Rhodesia to the Games under the flag of Great Britain, when Rhodesia has severed all ties with Britain over the issue of white supremacy, the IOC has committed a political subterfuge. If any of our athletes feel they cannot in good conscience compete against Rhodesians, I'll support them all the way."

A statement urging the IOC to expel Rhodesia was given USOC President Clifford Buck to deliver. It was by no means sure Buck would even be heard. "I know the temper of these aristocrats," said Tokyo Olympic Coach Bob Giegengack. "They will lock the door if they think they are going to be pressured."

We cast about for other ways to avoid a boycott. "Can't we just ask the Rhodesians to leave?" said Walk Coach Bruce MacDonald. "If enough countries told them they weren't welcome, wouldn't they go?"

"If they were that rational," said Frank Shorter, "they wouldn't have *apartheid*."

Buck was allowed to present our appeal. While the IOC deliberated, athletes mulled over their personal courses of action in the event Rhodesia participated.

"I don't have any question about which is the more important, my jumping in sand or the inhuman treatment suffered by more than 90% of Rhodesia's population that is non-white," said triple jumper Art Walker. "If that team stays, I'll have to go."

Shotputter George Woods. "I didn't have to pass a political test to come here. I put the shot 70 feet. That's what I'm here to do, regardless of my sympathy for oppressed people. There are so many issues we could boycott over—the Russians' treatment of the Jews, the Nigerians' treatment of the Biafrans, the Pakistanis' treatment of the Bengalis. . . . We're vulnerable ourselves over our Vietnam bombing. None of our governments are pure, so let's leave them out of it. When all those people who can't be athletes *first* have gone home, I'll be here putting my shot."

Our anxiety was to no purpose. The IOC ousted Rhodesia. But the debate, once ignited, did not die. Instead, it widened into a discussion of the true ends and essences of the Olympics.

"Before I made the team," said intermediate hurdler Jim Seymour, "I thought of all the things I'd do, like I'd just wear a plain white uniform because competing for a country is political. Then I swung the other way and figured I'd wear a McGovern button. Now I know that's wrong. The Games' only value is their universality. Even though I'm against bombing, any bombing for any reason, I couldn't wear one of the OLYMPIC PROJECT FOR PEACE buttons unless I could take the 'Olympic' off it. I can't stand the Games being used."

Others decried the imperfections of the Games themselves. The "representation" of countries by competitors not only introduces nationalism but, because teams are limited to two or three people per event, some fine athletes are prevented from taking part. Three quartermilers capable of winning medals stayed home in the U.S., for example, and at least two of the finest steeplechasers in the world were not entered because they were Kenyans.

As Mark Spitz began stacking up his seven golds, one of our oarsmen spoke on the inequity of opportunity between sports. He said, "Swimmers and sprinters can double or triple without any trouble, and then get together on relay teams, so they're always the heroes of the Games. An oarsman in the eights, by comparison, can only take credit for one ninth of his medal. And that kind of unfairness aside, I find it hard to call people in yachting, equestrian and maybe shooting real Olympians. In my mind an Olympian is an individual who approaches the limits of human performance. That entails enduring a kind of pain that you don't get riding in a sailboat." As he spoke, he scrutinized me very carefully. "Marathon," he said. "Yeah, I guess you're legitimate."

The final four miles were through a chasm of yelling, clapping people. Where in the beginning this noise was a distraction and an irritant, it now kept sense in our suffering.

If it is run right, a marathon inflicts considerable physical damage. The cell walls of muscles rupture. Tendons become inflamed. Joints, crunching together 15,000 times, wear away at cartilage. I ran it right, with the crowd's approval roaring in my head, on a cushion of blood blisters. I tempted my twinging thigh, forcing the pace, frantically trying to get back up to third, but as I approached the stadium Lismont was out of sight and Wolde still had me by 200 yards.

In the tunnel I felt the other hamstring going. On the track I just tried to hold together, to hide my weakness. Around the last curve, when the crowd

continued

buoys you and you sometimes experience a perverse desire that the race not end, I felt only a great weight.

I finished fourth. Frank was waiting beyond the line to catch me; he was the first American to have won the Olympic marathon in 64 years. We walked on the grass outside the track, leaning on each other. Photographers screamed incomprehensibly from their moat. Bobbie was there, holding me, and I came apart, pain and frustration forcing out tears. "I tried so hard," I said. She just held me. In a few seconds I knew it was all right. She was more important than any medal and it was over and it didn't matter if I cried. I was amazed at having the moisture.

I walked and jogged a lap, trying to work out some of the lactic acid and the lowering depression it brings. I was an Olympian again, bruised, bloody, half-delirious. Legitimate.

A most congenial adventurer, William Norris, 28, of Beverly, Mass., three-time IC4A steeplechase champion, has hitchhiked across Africa, cornered the Manhattan market in Christmas trees and traveled 100,000 miles while in the U.S. Army without ever taking a day's leave or lifting a rifle in anger.

Bill Norris came to Munich from Eugene, Ore., where he was employed as a carpenter, having learned the trade in a week by watching other carpenters. Within days he was working for ABC, UPI and TIME. It was Norris who noticed sprinters Eddie Hart and Rey Robinson in the ABC-TV building when their second-round heats were being run. He got them to the stadium, but too late.

Early on the afternoon of Tuesday, Sept. 5, when the Village was coming to the realization that it was under siege by murderers, Bill Norris burst, panting, into my room. He carried a camera with a monstrous telephoto lens and a Hungarian Airlines bag that emitted growls and spitting noises.

"Have you got a glass of water?" he said. "I haven't had anything to drink for two days."

He collapsed onto a bed while I brought him a quart bottle of Coke. He drank it right down, his eyes filling with tears from the sting of the carbonation. "At last," he sighed. "What a morning."

"What in hell have you been doing?"

"Taking pictures of the terrorists. The Hungarian and New Zealand buildings are across from the Israelis' "

"I thought they were sealed off."

"They are, kind of. The airlines bag got me in. I crawled around on the terraces. Once I was sitting up on a cement divider, clicking away at the negotiations, and a guerrilla aimed his machine gun at me. I never felt so naked in my life. I went inside and an official came through and said absolutely no one could leave until the thing is settled. I said, 'Sure' and got up. . . ." Snarls erupted from the flight bag. Bill fished out a walkie-talkie. The press center was calling. "Yeah," he said. "I got a few pictures."

"Are they any good?" asked an irritated metallic voice.

"I guess so. Remember, I haven't had much experience with this sort of thing."

Growing exasperation. "Look, on a scale of one to 10, what would they be?"

"Well . . . 10."

"Get them over here, Norris."

The following day I saw Norris sitting on a bench near the U.S. building, fiddling with his camera. "I'm learning," he said. "I'm to where I know what maybe half these buttons do."

"Were your pictures any good?"

"Yeah. UPI moved four of them on the wire."

"My God, you've found your calling."

"I doubt it." Bill was clearly drained, his eyes bloodshot, his hands unsteady. He leaned back against the wall and put down the camera. "During the heat of the moment it seemed like something worth doing. It was exciting, scrambling around with the snipers, being in on something I knew would be history. I didn't see any bodies or blood, just some nuts parading around with weapons. The feeling of death never reached me. But this morning, when I heard all the hostages had been killed. . . . That was no game yesterday. I'm a little ashamed of myself."

Bill donated the payment for his pictures to the fund for the victims' families. "I couldn't take advantage of someone's death," he said.

.

A trainer disinfected the abrasions from my early fall and took me to the doping test. I submitted a urine specimen to one of a row of cubicles. The female attendant was asking if she couldn't work in another room.

"It makes me sad to be always with the fourth-placers," she said. Thunderheads were building. My mood was worsening from fatigue and the pressing, curious crowd. A boy begged for my number and I let him pull it from my sweat suit. He yanked so hard I staggered back, instantly detesting him for an absurd sense of values. What possible good was my number to him? When he got it off he shoved it in my face to be signed.

"Hey, no," I said. "You can't know how tired. . . ."

"You must!" he demanded.

"I will not!" I raged, shoving him away. I was incredibly close to swinging at him, a 12-year-old. Bobbie soothed me and we kept on, she waving away the autograph hunters, me limping and whining when the cobblestones found my blisters.

Inside the Village we met a boxer who stopped to observe my crablike attempts at climbing the stairs. He had a mouse under one eye, tape above an ear. He said, "Why would anyone want to be a marathon runner?"

Frank and I sat in our room the next morning. It had been an effort of will to jog three miles around the soccer fields. The weather had turned in the night and a wintry wind had cut through our sweat suits. We were caught in the melancholy that follows a well-run race, deepened now by the griefs of these Games. Neither of us said much, but the feeling persisted that something ought to be said.

"How do you think the medal will change things?" I asked.

Frank shook his head. "I'm no different. No delusions of grandeur. Hell, I couldn't run five miles this morning. If my life changes it will be because other people change the way they behave toward me."

We moved slowly around the apartment, rearranging dirty towels and boxes of once-worn white boots, thinking about packing. Frank talked for a while about taking up cross-country skiing.

"You know," I said, "all this time I thought the Olympic champion was somebody incredibly special."

Frank gave me a consoling look, as though he would have liked to protect me from this final disillusionment. "And then you found out," he said, "that it was only me." END

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Shown here is the Pinto Wagon with Squire Option, optional whitewall tires, luggage rack, deluxe bumper group, automatic transmission

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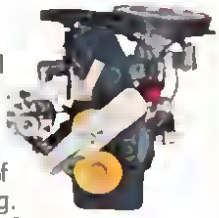
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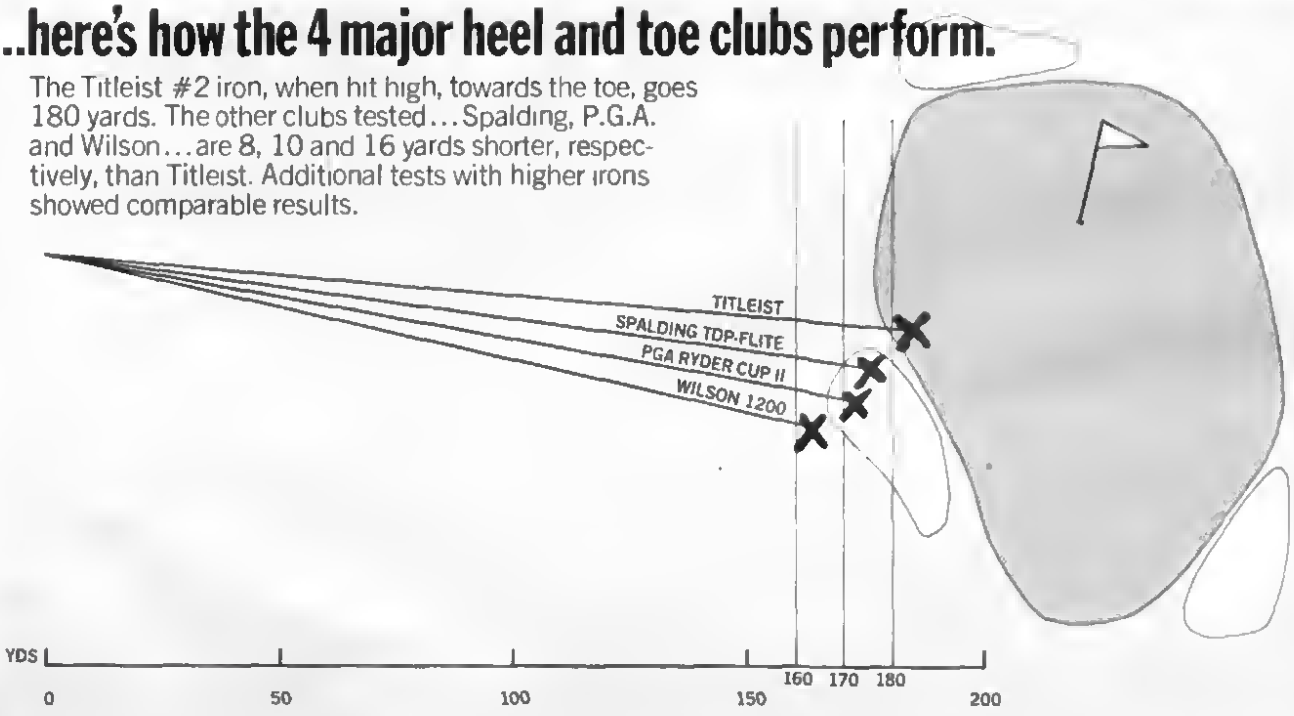
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week March 19-25

COLLEGE BASKETBALL—Defending champion IMMACULATA COLLEGE (Pa.) defeated Queens College 59–52 to win the Association for Intercollegiate Athletics for Women national title in Flushing, N.Y.

VIRGINIA TECH edged Notre Dame 92–91 in overtime to win the National Invitation Tournament finals at Madison Square Garden (*page 81*)

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA Baltimore finally clinched the fourth of the division titles beating Cleveland 106–104. That makes it Boston in the Atlantic, Milwaukee in the Midwest, Los Angeles in the Pacific and Baltimore in the Central. The Celtics celebrated with five straight wins, setting a club record of 66 in a season. Against Houston, Dave Cowens pulled down a career-high 32 rebounds to help Boston win 94–89. The second-place Knicks failed to equal the NBA home victory record but the New Yorkers did take the honors in home attendance with 790,031 for the regular season. The Knicks also got the bad news that Willis Reed had reinjured his leg in a 98–93 loss to Atlanta. The Detroit Pistons clinched third place in the Midwest, their first time out of the cellar since 1968–69. In a 122–109 rout of Portland Piston Bob Lanier set a club season rebounding record, collecting 17 for 1,146. K.C.-Omaha King Nate Archibald broke Guy Rodgers' single-season assist mark when he got six in a 124–118 loss to Los Angeles for a final total of 910.

ABA. The only clinching that went on in the ABA was by Carolina, which assured itself a first-place finish in the Eastern Division by beating the San Diego Q's at home 124–113. Earlier in the week, the Cougars dropped Dallas 137–117 to set a club record of 29 home victories. The day before Memphis lost its 14th straight despite a 41-point career-high contribution from Johnny Neumann. San Diego gained a playoff spot when Denver defeated Dallas 114–106 and eliminated the Chaps from the fourth-place playoff derby. Earlier the Q's had whipped Virginia 104–92 but they got most of their help in that game from the absence of three Virginia starters. Indiana's win streak was stopped at 11 when Denver handed the Pacers their seventh loss in 10 meetings with the Rockets. The next night, however, the Pacers walloped Denver 116–94 as Donnie Freeman became the sixth ABA player to score 10,000 points.

BOXING—JOHNNIE HUDSON, 23, of Detroit won the national AAU heavyweight crown, by a decision over Barry Yeats of Fort Worth.

GOLF—CAROL MANN shot a five-under-par 68 to win the Sears Women's Classic and $15,000 in Port St. Lucie, Fla. The 12-year LPGA veteran said, "This is the most money I've ever won."

JACK NICKLAUS birdied the second hole in a sudden-death playoff to defeat Miller Barber and win the $125,000 Greater New Orleans Open. It was Nicklaus' second victory of the year.

HOCKEY—NHL. With a 3–2 win over Vancouver, East Division leader Montreal made its 21st division title official (*page 26*). The winning goal also enabled Frank Mahovlich to join Gordie Howe, Bobby Hull, Jean Beliveau and Maurice Richard as the only players to score 500. Detroit, still struggling with Buffalo for a playoff berth, beat Chicago for the first time in two years 2–0, while Boston broke its tie with New York for second place, shutting out the Rangers 3–0. Earlier in the week the Rangers' playoff prospects were dealt a blow when they lost Defenseman Rod Seiling with a broken collarbone during a 6–1 win over Minnesota. Philadelphia cemented a playoff spot with a 9–0 drubbing of Vancouver in which Ross Lonsberry scored three goals. The New York Islanders, with no playoff worries, won three in a row.

WHA. New England pulled 11 points ahead of Cleveland with a 4–1 win over L.A. and a 3–1 victory over the Chicago Cougars and clinched the East Division title as the Crusaders lost to Minnesota 2–1. Philadelphia climbed over New York into third place, while Ottawa and Quebec kept the race for fourth place in the East a tight one. Winnipeg rocked up first in the West as it lost one and tied one for the week. The Minnesota Fighting Saints surged and finished the week in second place.

HORSE RACING—BIG SPRUCE ($29) Don Pierce up, charged past heavily favored Cougar II and 52-to-1 Cicero's Court, who finished second, to win the $111,800 San Luis Rey Stakes at Santa Anita by 10 lengths.

SKIING—Assuring herself of third place in World Cup standings, 17-year-old PATRICIA EMONET of France took the women's slalom and giant slalom in the season's finale at Heavenly Valley, Calif. Emonet, who is in her first year of cup competition, finished 134 points behind ANNEMARIE PROELL, who had already clinched her third straight crown despite being disqualified for the eighth time this season when she missed a gate. MONIKA KASERER of Austria was second in the standings.

Italy's GUSTAVO THÖNI gained his third straight World Cup with 166 points by placing fourth in the men's giant slalom. BOB CochRAN of the U.S. won the event, the only victory by an American all this season, and moved himself into an eighth-place tie in the final standings.

SWIMMING—The Olympian-studded Hoosiers of INDIANA won their sixth consecutive NCAA championship, outpointing the host school Tennessee 358–294 (*page 22*)

TENNIS—STAN SMITH scored his second WCT tour victory with a 6–3, 6–4 conquest of Rod Laver in the $50,000 Peachtree Corners International Classic in Atlanta.

TRACK & FIELD. KIP KEINO outran Jim Ryun to win the mile in 4:06 in the inaugural meet of the International Track Association in Los Angeles (*page 24*)

MILEPOSTS. NAMED. In an unprecedented special election by the Baseball Writers Association of America, ROBERTO CLEMENTE to the Baseball Hall of Fame. Clemente, who was killed last New Year's Eve in a plane crash, became the first Latin-American inducted into the Hall of Fame, and his selection marks the first time the association has waived the usual five-year waiting period and cast mail ballots for a nominee.

NAMED. ABE LEMONS, 50, loquacious basketball coach at Oklahoma City for the past 18 years, as athletic director and head coach at Pan American University in Edinburg, Texas.

NAMED. ROLAND MASSIMINO, 37, assistant at Pennsylvania, as head basketball coach at Villanova.

NAMED. GUY ROWLAND STRONG, 42, basketball coach at Eastern Kentucky, as head coach at Oklahoma State, after a 78-65 record in six years at Eastern.

NAMED. Long Beach State Basketball Coach JERRY TARKANIAN, 42, who was 122-20 in five years at LBS, as head coach at the University of Nevada-Las Vegas.

RETIRED. BILL BOWERMAN, 62, coach of the U.S. Men's Track and Field Team at the 1972 Olympics, as track coach at the University of Oregon after a 24-year career. Bowerman produced four NCAA championship teams and 24 individual champs. A former star pupil, Bill Dellinger, 39, is his successor.

RETIRED. New York Jet Fullback MATT SNELL, 31, after an injury-plagued, nine-year career in pro football. AFL Rookie of the Year in 1964, Snell's most memorable game was the 1969 Super Bowl in which he rushed for 121 yards and scored the Jets' only touchdown in the 16–7 upset of the Baltimore Colts.

RULED. By a U.S. District Court judge, that RICK BARRY's 1969 contract with the NBA Golden State Warriors is valid and that Barry must remain with the Bay Area team for two years, beginning Oct. 2, 1972.

CREDITS

Cover—Tony Triolo. 6—Neil Leifer. **24, 25**—Sheedy & Long. **62**—Peters Photographers—UPI. **65**—Jim Rotter. **71**—Fred Kaplan—Post Star. **81**—John D. Hanlon.

FACES IN THE CROWD



DEBBIE KOFFEL, 8, of Hillsboro, Ore., was the youngest girl ever to enter the Annual Trail's End Marathon at Seaside, Ore. The 4' 2" third-grader placed sixth in the women's division, running the 26-mile, 385-yard course in 4:53. Debbie has been running for two years.



STEVE REEVES, a senior at Wayne State in Detroit, set school records by winning 30 of 34 dual-meet diving events for 162 points. Reeves, 1972 Michigan AAU Open Three-meter champion, also established a school career record with 60 dual-meet firsts.



KEVIN MORRISSEY, a 6-foot senior, led East Stroudsburg (Pa.) State College to 63 wins and six tournament championships in three varsity years. This season Morrissey scored 437 points in 27 games to increase his career total to 1,076, and also had 184 assists and 89 steals.



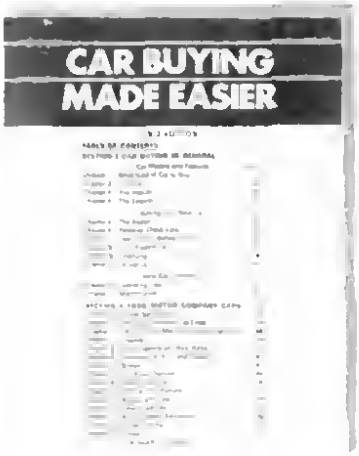
LARRY KNOWLES, a 6' 5" senior at Portales (N. Mex.) High, set a state prep single-game tournament record with 47 points. Knowles averaged 24.5 during the regular season and scored 99 points in three games to lead Portales to the state AAA title.



DON WALLEN, 37, coached Martin County High in Stuart, Fla. to its fourth straight state basketball tournament and second consecutive championship. Wallen's six-year record at Martin County is 163-16, including 22 tournament titles and a 31-3 record for 1973.



LEE HOWARD, a 22-year-old Harvard senior, won the 1973 Women's National Intercollegiate Squash singles championship in Middletown, Conn. In only her second season, Howard beat Barbara Sands of Dartmouth 15–6, 11–15, 7–15, 15–8, 15–4.



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THE READERS TAKE OVER

ROBERTO'S LEGACY

Sirs:

A very touching story (*Now Playing Right Manny Sanguillen*, March 19). Yes, a great story and a fine picture of the plaque on the door of Roberto Clemente's old room. Johnny Bench says the Pirates won't come off the bench swinging anymore without Clemente to inspire them. Forget it. They have to prove they can win without Clemente. That should be enough to inspire them.

STEVEN GOLDSTEIN

Floral Park, N.Y.

Sirs:

The fact is that the Pirates are too good a team to be considered dead because of the loss of one player, even if that player was Roberto Clemente. Any team that hits .274 must have *some* reserve strength. And if the hitting fails, the Bucs can always rely on their pitching (2.81 ERA in '72).

Roy Blount rightfully points out that the Pirate defense is leaky, but, having been a Buc fan for many years, I believe I can suggest some changes other than those mentioned: move Dave Cash (a fine second baseman) to shortstop, Rennie Stennett (a speed demon) to second, and Gene Clines to right field. Manny Sanguillen should stay at catcher, where he does an excellent job.

Still, it will not be easy. The whole division looks much stronger. But I'm sure the Pirates will find an answer.

RICHARD BRENNER

Hollidaysburg, Pa.

Sirs:

Manny Sanguillen is the best choice the Pirates could have made.

BRUNO DOSSO JR.

Great Neck, N.Y.

Sirs:

I hope whoever plays right field this year for Pittsburgh gives it everything he's got, just like Clemente.

JIM RIEKER

Pittsburgh

LENNY'S FANS

Sirs:

I'd like to thank Peter Carry for his fine article on Lenny Wilkens (*New Stripes, Same Old Slick Tiger*, March 19). This, coupled with your Feb. 26 article on Norm Van Lier, proves that the small man with hustle, unselfishness and brains can not only survive in pro basketball, but control a game supposedly dominated by the big man.

BILL GINTHNER

Denver

Sirs:

The true value of Lenny Wilkens is brought out by the fact that the Cleveland Cavaliers are having their best season with him and the Seattle SuperSonics one of their worst without him.

We in Seattle miss Lenny not only because he is a great player and coach, but also because he is a fine man. I understand that trading is part of any sport, but one does not trade a player of Lenny Wilkens' caliber just because he is getting a little old.

STEVE MAHR

Seattle

Sirs:

Your article was a fitting tribute to Lenny Wilkens, truly one of the most underrated players of all time. Even in his college days Lenny was the catalyst who made his team go, leading Providence to the first of its many NIT appearances. I can't help but think the Atlanta Hawks must rue the day *they* traded Wilkens away. With his ability to make the effective play in a simple manner, he could have taught Pete Maravich the control he needs to become a superstar in the NBA.

JOHN F. CONROY

Fairfax, Va.

OLGA'S CONTRIBUTION

Sirs:

I thoroughly enjoyed Martha Duffy's article on the touring Soviet women's gymnastic team (*Hello to a Russian Pixie*, March 19). But come on now. As good as she is, why so much of Olga Korbut? I thought everyone knew that Ludmilla Turischeva is the best of them all.

DICK STINNETTORT

Lewisburg, Pa.

Sirs:

In this day and age of phony athletes who care only about their paychecks it is refreshing to read about Olga Korbut. Anyone who has seen Olga perform knows that she really enjoys what she is doing. Hopefully Olga will go on for many years winning gold medals for the Soviet Union and winning friends for gymnastics. In my book she is the only true superstar in sports today.

RAY R. EKMAN

Hartford, Conn.

MORALIZING

Sirs:

Regarding your comments about the now famous Peterson-Kekich affair (SCORECARD,

March 19), I beg to differ with your analysis. Athletes do not have a responsibility to the public to set an example by being super-moral all-American types. Maybe it would be a good idea if the media began to realize this and relate to athletes as real people who have real problems just like everyone else.

RONALD SCOTT

Providence

Sirs:

The Peterson-Kekich affair *is* their own business. The "rub" is not, as you suggest, that they are ballplayers, for they are only humans who happen to play ball. The problem is their exposure by the media to a voyeuristic public which demands vicarious fulfillment of both its moral and its athletic fantasies. Your judgmental reportage only exaggerates the unrealistic expectations some sports fans have for their stars' private lives.

If "millions of youngsters were stunned and distressed," it was over the adverse publicity given the Peterson and Kekich families, not over the facts of the matter. The linen here is soiled only by your imputation. I would hope most realistic fans realize that the game is just a game and that, off the field, life is life.

GEORGE S. HILL JR., M.D.

Palos Verdes, Calif.

Sirs:

Your comments on heroism and sports were well stated and I hope well received by all sportsmen. You know what a real hero is. More power to you—and to the heroes.

DAVID HOUSEL

Auburn, Ala.

FLYING TIGRESS

Sirs:

Your article *Mary, Mary Quite Contrary* (March 12) by Coles Phinizy about the 47-year-old aviatrix Mary Gaffaney was smashing. It is easy to be witty at the expense of one's victim, but a writer who laughs with his subject is much rarer. From its imaginative plane-studded beginning, the story takes off, soars to a climax and smacks down in a neat, dignified landing.

JEAN FARMER

Willowdale, Ontario

Sirs:

Your article on Mary Gaffaney was excellent journalism and a fine tribute to this exciting aerobatic flyer. It was of particular interest to those of us here in Burlington, Wis. who had an opportunity to see Mrs. Gaffaney perform unbelievable maneuvers at our air show in 1971.

BILL APPLEBY JR.

Burlington, Wis.

continued



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The Brawls at Boston Corners

Prizefights have changed a lot of things over the years: the amount of money in people's pockets, the shape of a man's nose, opinions once held to be unshakable, the course of many men's lives. But only once to my knowledge has a prizefight changed the map of the United States. That was the fight between John Morrissey and the man they called Yankee Sullivan, and as a result of it Massachusetts lost an entire town to the State of New York.

If you'll take a look at the map today you'll see that there is a small chunk sliced away from the southwest corner of Massachusetts. That missing slice is Boston Corners. And what a place it was in the mid-1800s!

Boston Corners was a rough neighborhood because there was no law there, or at least none that was enforced, for when the map makers drew up the state lines, they favored neatness over the topographical realities. The neatest way to separate New York and Massachusetts was simply to extend the New York-Vermont line south. This tidy arrangement did not take the Taconic Mountains into consideration. They were small mountains, but not easy to get over in those days, and they effectively cut off Boston Corners from Great Barrington, the nearest center of Massachusetts law enforcement. The New York State sheriffs, of course, had no jurisdiction there.

In time things got so bad that the 50 or 60 honest farmers and burghers of Boston Corners petitioned the New York and Massachusetts legislatures to transfer the town to New York, but nobody paid much attention.

And so we come to the fateful year of 1853. Let us momentarily quit Boston Corners and shift our attention 120 miles south to almost equally lawless Gotham and the prize ring.

In those days it was hard to tell exactly who was heavyweight champion—something like these days. The problem then, however, was that prizefights of all kinds were strictly illegal, and this tended to discourage any formal ratings. But most of the leading, or at least most publicized, pretenders to the title of top hopper were concentrated in New York City, where Irish immigrants and their progeny habitually roughed each other up for fun and glory. The best brawlers had their own gangs, and the two most prominent were John Morrissey and Yankee Sullivan.

Morrissey was only 22 but already owned a popular saloon on lower Broadway called the Gem. He was later, via Tammany, to rise to the hallowed halls of Congress. But at this tender age he mainly wanted to be recognized as the world's toughest Irishman.

Standing in the way of that ambition was Sullivan, a man who at 40 was almost old enough to be Morrissey's father, and who weighed only 150 pounds. But he was a tough cookie who could take on anyone of any size, a sort of Mickey Walker of his day. They called him "Old Smoke," for his deftness at ducking while poking his adversary in the teeth.

During the summer of 1853 the Sullivan and Morrissey gangs staged many a rumble. Hostilities reached a crescendo when, one summer evening, Sullivan strode into the Gem, mounted a table and announced that he both could and would flatten Morrissey for keeps within one hour in a 24-foot ring.

Summoned to the scene, Morrissey came swooping in and implied that on the worst day he ever lived he could murder this bum. Rivalry was at such fever pitch that the boys might well have started slugging it out then and there if cooler heads had not prevailed to save the physical confrontation for commerce.

Articles were signed to fight for a purse of $2,000 on Oct. 5, within 100 miles or thereabouts of New York City. The fight seemed sure to draw thousands, but how to keep the enterprise from being busted—that was the problem. Someone thought of Boston Corners, and the wheels of history went into a slow grind.

The Harlem Railroad had just been built, and the sports began inundating Boston Corners via rail the day before the fight. The fighters waited until the last minute. One never knew; the law boys might make it over the hills from Great Barrington after all.

A ring had been set up on the drying ground of an old brickyard, and hours before the scheduled fight, the spectators staged dozens of unscheduled ones.

When the fighters got into the ring, Morrissey looked like a giant beside the middle-aged Sullivan. But just as the fight was about to start, Old Smoke got a special shot of encouragement. His wife jumped up at ringside and yelled that she had $1,000 that said her man would draw first blood. The bet was covered, and the gong sounded.

Sullivan immediately penetrated the burly Morrissey's defense and opened a gash over his right eye, and Mrs. Sullivan collected early. Morrissey had a magnificent build but a rather serious handicap for a fighter: he was blind in his left eye. Sullivan worked diligently on the gash, and the blood kept running down into Morrissey's good eye.

In those days, a knockdown ended the round, and the rounds sped by quickly as one or the other of the fighters hit the deck. The fight became more and more bloody and bitter as it ground on past the 15th, 20th, 30th rounds.

Each time one of the fighters got in a good blow it would set off a chain reaction in the crowd as their followers started sympathetic fights of their own. This extracurricular activity proved the decisive factor in the fight going on in the ring.

In the 37th round Sullivan glanced at the crowd just in time to see a close friend take a good one on the chops. Enraged, he stormed from the ring to avenge his buddy, and in a flash the whole crowd was a snarling, brawling mass. Morrissey stood alone in the center of the ring, and after some minutes of indecision, the referee raised his hand in victory. Unfortunately, however, the Massachusetts lawmen had made it over the mountains after all, and as soon as the fight ended they collared the champ and tossed him into the clink in Lenox. Prosecuted by District Attorney Henry L. Dawes of Pittsfield, he was fined $1,200 a few days later.

All in all, the boys made an indelible impression on Boston Corners, in more ways than one. The fight, publicized by newspapers all over the country, finally convinced the New York and Massachusetts legislatures that something had to be done, and a few months afterward Boston Corners was ceded to New York. Things have been pretty quiet there ever since.

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Hamilton — Elder Beerman
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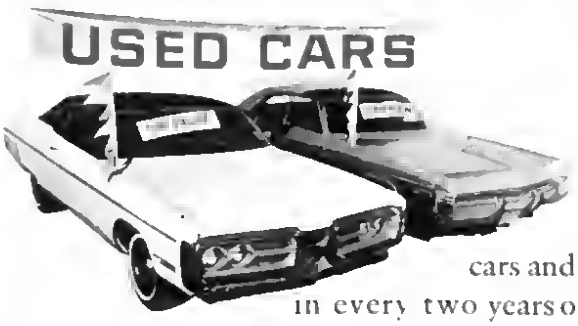
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DANNY BOY

Sirs:

Dan Seemiller (*The Back of His Hand to the World*, March 12) is undoubtedly the hottest young table tennis prospect this country has seen in a decade. Nevertheless, he faces overwhelming odds in his quest to gain the world championship. Never has an American won the men's singles title, and since 10-time U.S. champion Dick Miles reached the semifinals at Dortmund in 1959, Americans have found it increasingly difficult to crack the top 30 rankings. The declining fortunes of American table tennis, evidenced by the increasing number of non-natives manning our world team, are even more dismal when viewed in terms of the Chinese-Japanese performances during the past 21 years in which the Orientals won 59 of 91 championship titles. A victory by Seemiller in this year's championship (or even in 1977) would constitute an achievement greater than Bobby Fischer's feat of ending Russian domination in chess. But table tennis fans well remember the meteoric rise of then 18-year-old Stellan Bengtsson of Sweden, who in 1971 became the first non-Oriental to win the men's singles crown in 18 years. So perhaps a Seemiller, with his unorthodox style and never-say-die attitude, may be preparing to stun the world.

DICKIE KAY

New Orleans

THE CHANGING ROOM (CONT.)

Sirs:

In her article (*An Ethic of Work and Play*, March 5) on David Storey's new play *The Changing Room*, Martha Duffy observes that in England "only Harold Pinter rivals him as a playwright." This seems rather shallow and uninformed on her part, especially considering the mere difference in the number of significant plays each writer has created.

Somehow she has managed to misplace the names of the vital younger dramatists—Tom Stoppard, Simon Gray and Christopher Hampton, to name only three. And it should come as no surprise to recall that those "new wave" dramatists of the '50s—John Osborne, John Arden and Arnold Wesker—are still very much alive and well and significantly productive.

JOHN BUSH JONES

Lawrence, Kans.

Sirs:

Martha Duffy does make a token acknowledgment of Rugby Union Football, which she describes as "The swifter, gentler amateur version of the sport . . ." It is important to point out here that the Union game is *the sport* and Rugby League is the more brutal, commercial and obscure version. The distinction between professional and amateur rugby is not one of degree of proficiency, but a difference in philosophy

continued



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19TH HOLE *continued*

toward athletics. Rugby Union is played purely for the enjoyment of the participants, even on the international level, while League is played as an income supplement for the players and with commercial and publicity incentives to the club owners and factory sponsors.

I hope sometime this fall you will do a story on American Rugby Union football in conjunction with the sesquicentennial of the sport. And this time without the ketchup, please.

NELSON H. SPENCER
President
Texas Rugby Football Union

Dallas

BONN MOTS

Sirs:

I couldn't resist sending in a few additions to your SCORECARD item (March 5) on European expansion teams. Herewith the Sofia Lorens, Cannes Openers, Cork Screws, Londonderry Heirs, Hanover Fists, Essen H's, Nurnberg Trials, Pisa Pies, Danzig Bears, Minsk Meats and Malta Milk Shakes.

MARTIN BALDESSARI

New York City

DUE CREDIT

Sirs:

I want to thank you for reporting in SCORECARD (Feb. 19) my "Acupinch" discovery to abort leg muscle cramps. There is one correction I would like to ask you to make.

You stated that I *accidentally* discovered this maneuver. This is not so. The cure came in direct answer to prayer one night when I felt a leg spasm coming on.

The Lord should get credit for the Acupinch discovery.

MILTON E. ALLEN

Decatur, Ga.

RADICAL SAILORS

Sirs:

My congratulations to Hugh Whall (*Sailing up a Squall*, March 12) and sailors like Bob Derecktor and Arnie Gay. Gentlemen such as these who can recognize the significance of a design such as *Cascade*'s are few and far between in the yachting community. Less than a decade ago it was the sloop-rigged, stripped-interior, flush-decked yachts that were arousing the yachting "traditionalists" in their esthetically pleasing and well appointed yawls and ketches. Change is the only constant, whether it be in yacht design or political ideology, and people must learn to live with it.

S. H. KELLER

Annapolis, Md.

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